The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday October 7, 1931

Relief by Guess

by R. L. DUFFUS

What charity agencies in seventeen cities report to The New Republic on this winter's crisis

New Mexico Notes - - *Edmund Wilson*
Laval's Visit to Hoover - - - *Editorial*
Planning for Agriculture - - *George Soule*
Industry's Wage Surrender - - *Editorial*

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXVIII. NO. 879

Forbes Library
Northampton, Mass.

...er the act of March 3, 1879

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some people can't help thinking

It's an incurable habit with them. And what interesting people they are!

These are the people for whom *Harpers Magazine* is edited, and they have, with enthusiasm, claimed it for their own. They have come to depend upon *Harpers Magazine* for a perspective on our headlong civilization, and they assume (with good cause) that the material it offers them will be not only authoritative and fearless, but also entertaining in the highest sense.

If you are one of these logical readers of *Harpers* whose name is not yet on our subscription list, here is the chance for you—if you're quick—to enjoy six months of the magazine at the very low introductory price of $1.00. For this small amount, you will receive six issues, each with a wealth of spirited reading as rich and varied as the following:

Read in the OCTOBER Issue

HAPPY DAYS WILL COME AGAIN . . . . . *by Elmer Davis*
SHOULD PARENTS TELL ALL? . . . . . *by Alice Beal Parsons*
WHAT ABOUT THE LAWYERS? . . . . . *by Dr. Alice Hamilton*
DROWNING IN OIL . . . . . *by Avis D. Carlson*
THE LAND OF PROMISE . . . . . *by Louis Adamic*
WHISTLER, SARGENT, AND OTHERS . . . . *by W. Graham Robertson*
THE HANDOUT MAGNIFICENT . . . . . *by Ward Shepard*
POETS TALKING TO THEMSELVES . . . . . *by Max Eastman*
THE GEOMETRY OF MIND . . . . . *by Gardner Murphy*
STORIES . . . *by Philip Curtiss, E. Clement Jones, and Virgilia Peterson Ross*

Harpers MAGAZINE

SIX MONTHS *for only* ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL - INTRODUCTORY - OFFER

NR

HARPERS MAGAZINE 49 East 33rd Street NEW YORK, N. Y.

I am enclosing one dollar for your six months' introductory offer to new subscribers.

Name.....

Address.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1931 NUMBER 882

Contents

The Week 190

Editorials

Industry's Wage Surrender 192
Laval's Visit to Hoover 194
A New King of Racketeers 195

General Articles

Relief by Guess ..... R. L. Duffus 196
The Tragedy of Tony ..... Ernest Jerome Hopkins 199
New Mexico Notes ..... Edmund Wilson 202
Planning for Agriculture ..... George Soule 204
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 207
French and English ..... Stark Young 207
A Communication ..... Paul Blanshard 209

Correspondence 210

Reviews of Books

Is the Small Farmer Dying? ..... Michael Gold 211
The Booze Age ..... Robert Herrick 213
Alien to the Waste Land ..... Rolfe Humphries 214
Book Notes 215

The Week

THE visit of Premier Laval to Berlin was important because it symbolized the chief desideratum of European recovery and stability—Franco-German rapprochement. It was still more important because the practical outcome, as far as can be judged from the surface, is a step in the right direction. The coöperation will be economic, and is not, apparently, conditioned on any political pledges exacted from Germany to support a French hegemony. Economic rehabilitation is the *sine qua non:* solution of Europe's political difficulties must depend on it. A joint commission of business and labor interests, with a technical secretariat, is to work out ways and means of improvement. If, as is reported, one of the main objects in mind is to trade with Russia and eastern Europe, France furnishing the bulk of the credit and Germany many of the manufactured goods, the outlook is hopeful indeed. Russia is the one market in the world where loans can be extended with some assurance that they will be used for increasing production and providing a sound means of repayment. It is impossible to say how all this will work out, but the beginning is auspicious indeed. We hope only that this sort of coöperation can be extended to include the rest of Europe and the United States.

THE Scandinavian countries which have followed Great Britain off the gold standard have done so primarily because they were in a similar situation. They are countries with a large volume of foreign trade. Their exports have suffered in the depression, and many of their foreign credits have become frozen. The balance of payments turning against them, they have lost gold. Britain's action closes another source of gold imports for them. Therefore, in order to protect their remaining reserves, they had to shut off gold exports and let the exchange fall. Their experience furnishes corroboratory evidence of the importance of these fundamental factors of trouble, as opposed to the reasoning of those who lay Britain's plight to the "dole." These countries are probably not too reluctant to follow Britain's example, insofar as they are her competitors in foreign trade. The fall of the pound stimulates foreign purchases of British goods, and similar falls in the exchange values of Scandinavian currencies will aid their exports.

THE principal loss which Great Britain suffers as a result of the abandonment of the gold standard arises, not from the fall, but from the fluctuation in the exchange value of the pound. As long as it is not known from one day to the next how much a pound will be worth, it is difficult to trade in terms of pounds. This means that London must at least temporarily lose a large part of its profitable banking business as an international money market. The income derived from this business has formed a substantial item in her balance of payments. The loss would be serious enough for Great Britain herself, but it would not greatly affect the world's trade if some other currency, like the franc or the dollar, could be easily substituted as the basis of international payments. Neither Paris nor New York, however, has the necessary experience to substitute itself quickly for British international banking. World trade is bound to suffer from disorganized exchanges. The lesson of this is that measures

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be taken as promptly as possible to find the level at which the pound can be maintained, and keep it there. This may be done by returning to the gold standard with a lower value of British currency, or by other measures. Both depend on wise international coöperation.

THE military situation in Manchuria has been quiescent for a few days. This may be because the Japanese War Department has been frightened by the world clamor its action caused, and is now seeking a way to retreat without "losing face"; or it may be merely a lull while preparations are completed for another period of aggression. Secretary Stimson has sent the customary American notes to Japan and China, and they have had the customary influence, which is just about none at all. More serious is the failure of the League of Nations to deal with the issue. Whatever the fair phrases in which it is dressed, this failure was due to the fact that the League believed itself to be impotent and wanted to avoid an open exhibition of that fact. The best hope at the moment lies in the pressure of world opinion on the Japanese militarists, as a reënforcement of the civil branch of the government, which wants a policy of peace and conciliation with China, if only for economic reasons.

THE Institute of Pacific Relations has canceled its biennial meeting, which was to have been held at Hangchow, China, in November. The Manchurian episode has so strained relations between China and Japan that it was felt there was no hope of having representatives of these countries meet amicably across a conference table, and with both these powers omitted, the meeting would have been only a very melancholy joke. The decision to cancel can hardly be questioned; while the opportunity for private conversation about an extremely difficult dispute would seem valuable, the directors of the Institute, who were on the ground, must have weighed this before taking their action. The incident reveals once again how frail is the web of friendly international relationships, and how easily the sword of the militarist cuts it through.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, who died a week ago at the age of eighty, achieved three successful careers. He was one of the foremost ichthyologists of his time. As president of Stanford University during its formative decades, he put into practice liberal education theories far in advance of those followed by most of his contemporaries among college presidents. Yet despite his eminence in these fields, many Americans will honor him most for his unfaltering loyalty, through many years, to the cause of international peace. Nowadays, there are so many pacifists that little courage is required of those who enroll under that banner; but Dr. Jordan carried on his crusade when he stood almost alone. He showed his physical courage when threatened with lynching by a Baltimore mob, just before America entered the War; and his moral courage was even then a matter of long and fine record.

MR. Gandhi's visit to Lancashire a few days ago was made the occasion for a patent bit of propaganda. Both the British and the American press were filled with articles describing the miseries of the unemployed textile workers; both reported his visit as though he were a conqueror surveying the devastation his ruthless policy has caused. Such a notion suits the present purposes of the British government, but it is far from accurate. In the first place, the Indian boycott of British cloth is not solely Mr. Gandhi's work; it could never have been achieved if millions of Indians did not feel a quite legitimate, burning sense of indignation. In the second place, unemployment in Lancashire is only partly due to the boycott in India. Japanese and Chinese mills are turning out cheap cloth at prices which Great Britain cannot—or believes she cannot—meet. And finally, the British have very cheerfully sent textile machinery to India, and mills have been established there, often with British capital, which account for much of the decline in the Lancashire trade.

FOR many weeks, the civil authorities of Harlan, Kentucky, who are openly allied with the coal-mine owners against the striking miners, have exercised a press censorship. Journalists who visited the scene of the struggle have been lucky if they were only hustled out of town; some of them have been jailed, and at least two have been shot. Nearly all of those who received this treatment have been representatives of labor or radical papers, for the reason that, with the exception of the Scripps-Howard chain, the big, "respectable" papers of the country have for the most part ignored the story of Harlan. The New Republic commented on this situation recently and suggested that since freedom of the press had been challenged, it behooved some of the outstanding conservative papers to pay some attention to Harlan. We are glad now to pay tribute to The New York Times, which has sent one of its ablest staff writers, Mr. Louis Stark, to Harlan, and is publishing an admirable series of articles on the conflict there.

THERE shall be no hunger in this land," the President has said, or words to that effect. But in Detroit alone, it has been estimated by medical authorities, at least one person starves to death every seven hours and fifteen minutes. A physician at the Receiving Hospital in this city reported recently that four people a day, on the average, are brought to the hospital too far gone from starvation for their lives to be saved. Many others die lonely deaths outside the hospitals. On one day in September, in Grand Circus Park where the homeless gather, three workers were found dead. Mayor Frank Murphy has said that some 200,000 persons have been idle for a year; that thousands of chil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren are undernourished; that a great number of suicides are not reported in the press; that the psychopathic wards of the hospitals are crowded with people whose minds have become unstrung under the pressure of adversity. Last year the mayor made valiant efforts to provide relief; but the city's large welfare disbursements caused its financial credit to disappear, and it is well known that bankers forced a reduction in public relief before they would grant further loans. Detroit is especially vulnerable, because it is a great mass-production center whose industries seem to have collapsed *en masse*. But it is typical of other industrial cities; and if judged by the grim statistics coming from this one source, may we not estimate that about a hundred persons a day are dying of hunger under the American economic system?

THOSE who have been fighting for fifteen years to obtain freedom for Tom Mooney and Warren Billings have a right to be disheartened at a recent act of Governor Rolph of California. The Governor has put the unspeakable Charles M. Fickert back on the state pay roll, giving him a job in a bureau of the state government at $250 a month. Fickert, it will be remembered, was the San Francisco district attorney who railroaded Mooney and Billings to prison on perjured testimony. The subsequent revelations in the case destroyed his professional career in San Francisco; at the end of his term he dropped out of sight and turned up years later trying to practise law in Glendale, a little suburb of Los Angeles. It is true, of course, that Governor Rolph may have given him his new job at the recommendation of someone else, and without recalling Fickert's connection with the famous case. At the same time it must be admitted that this action, coupled with the Governor's total failure to move in the matter of Mooney and Billings after many months in office, are disheartening to those who still hope that justice may be resuscitated in California.

EVEN driving at sixty miles an hour through the countryside, the motor tourist has leisure to reflect upon the butchery of the trees that once made our American highways worth traveling for their own sake, and not in the hope of swiftly reaching some temporary goal. On stretches of worn macadam, the trees survive, but these interludes of shade are all too brief: soon we are whizzing along straight concrete, three lanes wide, with not a sign of protection from the summer sun. A moment later we come to a road in the process of construction. The ancient sugar maples that lined it on either side are falling one by one; their stumps are being uprooted by the steam shovel so that not even the memory of their loveliness shall remain to haunt the motor tourist with one eye cocked on the speedometer and the other on the billboards advising him to halt for the Pause that Refreshes. Where shall he find refreshment in this desert of concrete and steel? It is true that some localities, even a few states, have shown more kindliness toward trees which take a hundred years to grow—even if they can all be cut in a day—but usually their fate is left in the hands of engineers and surveyors interested merely in paring down costs and eliminating curves. Breadth, straightness, speed, have triumphed—and the motor tourist is now at liberty to travel magnificent highways, magnificently empty of interest, where the only distraction is the occasional carcass of a skunk or a rabbit, killed by some hasty traveler and left to dry like pemmican in the direct rays of the August sun.

Industry's Wage Surrender

THE RECENT wage reductions in steel, rubber, aluminum and other great industries emphasize the supremacy of the employer in our industrial society. Though labor officials protest, there are no bodies of independently organized labor in the industries in question to offer resistance, and none to be consulted. Nor is there any authority representing the public whose consent has to be obtained. The vague pledge made at the President's conference near the beginning of the depression has proved ineffectual. As long as the employers wanted wage rates held up, they held them up; when they ceased to want this, they cut without having to offer reason or justification. For what happens in these respects the management of large industry bears sole responsibility; indeed, it has zealously resisted sharing this responsibility because it has fought to the death any organization of labor within its plants, and any public control.

One is therefore led to inquire whether the employers have sufficient justification; whether, if their power had been checked by an organized social responsibility, and the underlying facts had had to be examined, they could have established their case.

The usual reason advanced for wage reductions is that they are necessary in order that prices may be lowered and sales stimulated. If this happens, employment will increase, and labor, though working at a lower rate, may obtain a larger income. At least more workers may be employed. This justification conceals a number of assumptions which have to be carefully examined in each industry.

It is assumed that prices will be lowered proportionally, that the wage cut will not be used to transfer money from wage envelopes to dividends. Is this the case? Have we any assurance of it?

It is assumed that a reduction of prices will stimulate sales. Is the demand for the product sufficiently elastic so that this will actually be the effect?

Having satisfied ourselves that the prices in question will be and ought to be lowered, we must not assume that the only way to do so is to cut wage rates. How about the possibilities of better management and increased efficiency of production? Such advances were made all through the period of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prosperity, and they are likely to be made at an accelerated rate in depression. And is the organization of the industry as efficient as it might be? Might not profit margins be shaded? What about overhead?

There is the further question whether any possible cut in wages will sufficiently reduce costs to affect prices appreciably. A large part of the cost of the finished product represents what is paid for raw materials. Raw-material prices have been thoroughly deflated. Have these savings been passed on to the consumer? Another large part of costs, in modern industry, represents interest on investment in machinery and plant. If labor costs in a given plant are, as is not unusual, not more than 20 percent of the price, a reduction of 10 percent in wages would make possible a reduction of only 2 percent in the price. Why not begin to lower prices by cutting inflated capital charges?

It is difficult to believe that all these aspects of the question have been investigated as carefully by the autocratic and interested employers as they would be if there were any force strong enough to demand social justification for their action. Experience in industries where unions can enforce at least arbitration shows that employers may fervently believe wage reductions to be justifiable when no good case can be made for the policy.

Aside from considerations having to do with the separate industries, what are the broader implications of this event? It may be argued that though the reduction of cost resulting from a wage cut in any one plant is small, the cumulative effect will be large. A policy of wage reduction is therefore desirable socially, as a measure of deflation, to bring prices of manufactured articles down within hailing distance of prices already deflated. But this argument assumes that these other prices are not coming up, and cannot be brought up. Has any responsible social authority examined the possibilities of inflation, to bring them up? And, if this policy has been rejected, have any plans been made for a just and effective policy of general deflation? Why pick on wages first? What about interest, rents, property taxes? What about these and other less flexible items of the cost of living? A deflation which deflates first the farmers and then the wage earners but does not touch vested interests is difficult to support either in justice or expediency.

Leaders of business for several years have been giving lip-service to the "economy of high wages." The logic behind this policy is persuasive. Year by year, the productive efficiency of industry grows by leaps and bounds. This means that a continually larger product can be turned out with a given number of labor hours. The labor cost per unit of product is decreased. The capital cost as a rule is decreased as well, if volume of sales expands, because the new machinery, though expensive, is capable of turning out more units per dollar of investment than the old. More units can be made for less money per unit.

Therefore the employer can either increase wages, or cut prices, or both. If he does neither, the gains of efficiency will all go to profits. The money going to profits may remain in circulation just like the money going to wages. But it is well for business that the worker, whether as wage earner or consumer, should share rather fully in the gains of efficiency. If he does not, the disposal of the output may become a problem. A few persons receiving gargantuan incomes from profits are not likely to buy so many automobiles, radios, kitchen utensils or other products of our mass industry as are many persons sharing the same aggregate incomes. At any rate, it is socially desirable that the workers should benefit from technical advances.

The employers were not able to effectuate the "economy of high wages" during prosperity. At least they did not do so, according to the best statistical evidence we have. According to "Income in the United States and Its Distribution," by Willford I. King, published by the National Bureau of Economic Research, the real earnings of the average manufacturing wage earners were lower in 1928, toward the end of prosperity, than in 1923, at the beginning. Mining wages sank almost out of sight. Increases did occur in construction and transportation, where unions were strong, but on the whole the average of wages scarcely rose at all. It increased far less rapidly than did efficiency of production.

Further lip-service was given the economy of high wages at the onset of depression. In spite of all declarations, and in spite of the formal policies of the big companies, wages continued their slide. Shading of piece rates went on as before, unannounced. Many general cuts occurred. Before the recent action in steel, money in American factory pay rolls had fallen 41 percent from the 1929 level, while the number of men on the pay rolls had fallen much less, or 28 percent. No doubt some of the discrepancy is due to part-time employment, but by no means all. The big fellows, so far as they had not already taken part in the movement without saying so, finally surrendered to it.

Whether or not wage slashing is a depression remedy, we may admit that under our present form of economic organization it is bound to occur in such a period as we are passing through. If wage rates are thus lowered as much as the cost of living during depression, the employers will be just as impotent to effect the "economy of high wages" now as during good times. A wage cut of 10 percent eats up most of the 11-percent drop in the cost of living since 1929. Many rates have been cut more than this. If real wages rise neither in prosperity nor in depression, they never rise.

As a matter of fact, the chief boosts which have come to real wages in the past have come as a result of depressions. They have come because the resistance to wage cuts rendered these, on the average, less than the drop in the cost of living. This happened in 1921 and 1922. This is what makes vitally important the concern about wage rates. It is true that workers do not live on wage rates, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the money in the pay envelope. It is true that if wage cuts brought fuller employment, the workers would now benefit. But it is also true that the more wage rates are now cut, the lower will be the real wages when (or if) full employment returns. And the smaller will be the popular purchasing power on which a busy and advancing industry must ultimately depend.

Industrial management, which insists on retaining sole responsibility for what happens, and which has endorsed the economy of high wages, has so far miserably failed to execute its announced policy. The recent action of the steel, rubber, aluminum and other magnates is an admission of failure. If, in order to have employment at all, we must sacrifice the ability of the workers to share in advancing productive efficiency, our economic order is convicted of incompatibility with a machine age. This failure must inevitably injure the prestige of those who have the power. It ought to lead, either to an acceptance by them of some better form of economic organization, which is capable of distributing equitably the benefits of technical progress (and of doing so without the suffering of depression), or to a surrender of power to others who are better capable of achieving this result.

Laval's Visit to Hoover

PREMIER Laval's visit to Mr. Hoover, in the middle of October, comes at an extraordinary moment in history. England, the world's banker for centuries, is fighting for her financial life. Germany is desperately sick and has just been given an injection of strychnine, the stimulating effects of which are already wearing off. Italy and Japan are in sore straits. Russia, struggling up from the barbarism and misery of Tsarist days, under a rigid and complicated economic scheme, is immersed in her domestic problems. Only France and America are still going concerns in the old-fashioned sense. Both are suffering from the depression, the United States far more than France; but between them they temporarily share the hegemony of the Occident.

Under the circumstances, a direct consultation between Premier and President becomes a matter of the first importance. There is much that needs urgently to be done in the field of international relations. These two Powers are the logical nominees to undertake the beginnings of the task of rehabilitation. What chance is there that the Washington meeting will have this result?

If M. Laval were the ordinary French Premier, the proper interpretation of his visit would be a cynical one. Ever since the War, France has been trying to get the United States into some sort of tacit or open alliance in order better to guarantee the continuance of the post-war treaties. When these efforts have failed, they have been followed by attempts to make the world believe that such an alliance existed whatever the facts. As things have gone during the past decade, the visit of any French Premier to Washington would be interpreted as another gesture toward some sort of understanding whereby America would underwrite the treaties of 1919, or at least as an attempt to maximate the importance of the individual French statesman involved and frighten the chancelleries of Europe as to possible secret understandings of some sort. But M. Laval is an individual whose record and personality make this interpretation somewhat unlikely. He began his career as an extreme radical, and if he has moved to the Right, it has been more because of impatience with the personalities he found on the Left than because of rejection of its ideas. His visit to Berlin seems a genuine attempt at reconciliation and one which may have important consequences.

It is not at all impossible, therefore, that he may be coming to Washington as the spokesman, not for French intransigence, but for suffering Europe as a whole, appealing to the one power which can initiate the decisive steps necessary for her economic rehabilitation. It is also possible that he may bring with him a concrete program looking toward, for instance, drastic limitation of armament in exchange for guarantees from Germany and Italy of a pacific policy for a stated term of years, plus definite reduction of reparations and war debts or an extension of the Hoover moratorium for some years, which in the end would have the same effect.

Assuming that M. Laval brings with him this program, or some part of it, what chance is there that Mr. Hoover will endorse it and use such powers as he has to cause American participation? Mr. Hoover is of course temperamentally inert and, other things being equal, prefers inaction to action. He dreads the struggle with Congress which is bound to follow the suggestion that America should again participate actively in European affairs. He has disliked French policy ever since the War and has an acute distrust of her diplomacy. On the other hand, he knows how desperate the European situation is. He has the memory of the immensely warm reception with which, to his own astonishment, his one-year-moratorium proposal was received in the United States as well as abroad. Several of his important advisers are in favor of another bold step.

If such a step is to be taken, it must not of course be the work of France and the United States alone. Great Britain, Germany, Italy and perhaps some other countries ought to be included. It is equally obvious, too, that Mr. Hoover must abandon his present untenable position that war debts, reparations, monetary policy and armament limitations must all be discussed separately in successive conferences. These matters are all various aspects of one central question and must be so considered if any progress is to be made. Finally, perhaps the strongest argument to move Mr. Hoover is that even if he tries and fails, the state of things can hardly be made any worse. Desperate remedies—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or at least remedies which will seem to some people to deserve that description—are perfectly in order when the situation is desperate.

A New King of Racketeers

OVERNIGHT, Peter De Vito, a young man of thirty-three, affable and boyish-looking, residing in a quiet neighborhood of Queens Borough, New York City, has leaped into national fame as one of the veritable giants, one of the luminaries of American society. One might easily place him in a much higher niche than some of the great business leaders who are helping to restore prosperity, since they are afflicted and discredited by the disorders of their economic system, whereas Mr. De Vito embodies a new order, one that is rising in all its young might, and shows itself capable of thriving in good times or bad.

Owning to an income of $500,000 a year, Mr. De Vito is richer by far than Mr. "Legs" Diamond, and is overshadowed only by his old schoolmate of the Brooklyn waterfront, Mr. Alphonse Capone. Moreover, Mr. De Vito confesses that he is "boss in Brooklyn and Queens," which contain half of New York's population; he may be boasting, but he seriously expects to succeed Mr. Capone as the "big boss" of the whole country when and if that great man consents to enter a federal jail. At any rate, the new "king of racketeering," as he styles himself, has been so busy and successful that, like his colleague in Chicago, he has scarcely found time for such little matters as the full payment of his federal income tax. Even a king may be visited with temporary embarrassments owing to peccadillos.

The federal marshals, detectives and patrolmen who, armed with a warrant, rushed into the De Vito home early in the morning of September 24, found the master in bed, with loaded revolvers attached to each of his bedposts and some antique sword canes, Toledo blades, reposing close to his side. But for the rest they were deeply affected by the lavish splendor of the mansion whose doors they had penetrated: it was equipped with a pipe-organ for the entertainment of the proprietor's guests; and in the cellars there were spacious club-rooms, containing a fifteen-foot bar, where none who entered paid for his drinks.

What could be the source of Mr. De Vito's enviable affluence, one asks? Might not other worthy citizens emulate him with profit? They might, if they could but show a practical genius equal to his, which has apparently won the patronage of our most eminent industrialists and merchants, of our leaders in social, philanthropic and church activities.

"De Vito is reputed to be in the trucking business," commented the United States Attorney who brought about his arrest. "He is the biggest racketeer in the strike-breaking business, and is reputed to be the only man in Greater New York who can successfully break a strike at any time." Originally he is said to have "muscled" into the racket in 1929 by taking a mighty predecessor for a ride. Now he is commander of an army of from 3,000 to 4,000 men, and of a fleet of 700 trucks. Among his clients, according to newspaper reports, are numbered some of the strongest and most respectable corporations of the country: the American Can Company, the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, the James Butler Company, the H. C. Bohack Company and the great Standard Oil Company of New York.

In 1929, the Standard Oil Company of New York was adversely affected by a strike in which every one of its 2,500 gasoline and fuel-oil drivers walked out. On the point of losing the strike this company, like so many other American industrial corporations, preferred to settle matters through methods other than those of labor constitutionalism. According to the statement of United States Attorney Ameli's office, in The New York Herald Tribune, it called upon Mr. De Vito, who brought up sufficient men, trucks and armor to carry all the company's oil to its filling stations, so that after a series of stabbing and shooting incidents the strike was completely broken. The Standard Oil Company paid $250,000 for this service; and this sum, added to other large payments noticed by the federal investigators, led to Mr. De Vito's arrest.

Historians have observed that the social character of our modern age bears a striking resemblance to that of the middle ages. The bravos of our time, heading armed bands, live in feudal magnificence. They have rigid moral principles and loyalties similar to those of the brigand chieftains who swarmed over Europe in medieval days. The logic of the prevailing business system invokes their direct aid; in emergencies caused by competition or by the pressure of labor, the great industrial units call upon the bravos to dispatch or intimidate their enemies, to defend their profits. And out of part of the profits saved, a towering cathedral is sometimes built which may be a beautiful replica of feudal architecture in itself and which may be glimpsed from all the quarters of a vast city.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relief by Guess

THE SECOND winter of the worst depression of modern times finds the United States in the position of an army with only a vague idea of the number and resources of the enemy it has to fight, and with an almost equally vague idea of the extent of its own ammunition and the adequacy of its Service of Supplies. The list of things we do not accurately know about unemployment and the probable needs of the unemployed during the coming winter would, if filled out, constitute a statistical description of the depression. We do not know the exact number of the unemployed, though Mr. W. P. Mangold in The New Republic of September 9, using all available data, arrives at an estimate of between 9,310,000 and 10,560,000. We do not know how many of the unemployed still have access to resources which will tide them over without resort to public or private charity. We do not know how much it will cost to give public or private relief to those who will suffer without it. We do not know whether the existing and proposed means of obtaining this problematical sum will actually suffice to produce it. Yet without this knowledge relief work is guesswork. If we guess wrong we may find ourselves facing a major crisis before spring.

Efforts to collect and analyze information as to the actual need and the amount and sources of probable relief have indeed been made by various agencies, notably the Association of Community Chests and Councils and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. But no comprehensive figures for the entire country have been arrived at, or at least have been made public, and it is by no means certain that any will be. One reason for this, no doubt, is the difficulty of the task, and another is the belief of the national administration and of organizations which share its policy that relief should be locally provided for and locally administered.

But, accepting it as inevitable that there is to be no authoritative national canvass of the situation, we may legitimately ask how the system of local relief is working out and is likely to work out in representative American cities. The New Republic put this question, in somewhat more elaborate form than it is stated here, in a questionnaire recently sent out to heads of charitable organizations in a number of the leading communities. The results are not comprehensive but they are significant.

As might be taken for granted, practically every city expects to have to spend more on relief this winter than it did last winter. In New York City, according to a letter from Mr. William Hodson, executive director of the Welfare Council, the total for the twelve months from October, 1930, to October, 1931, was about $23,605,000. This estimate, like other similar ones, is exclusive of unreported items which cannot be traced and of expenditures for veterans' relief, relief to the blind, assistance given the aged and aid to mothers. These latter categories represent money paid out according to law in good years and bad, though Mr. Hodson points out that relief work of this kind has had to be greatly expanded because of the depression. Leaving these items out, Mr. Hodson believes that public and private charity in New York City will have to provide between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000 during the coming winter.

In Chicago the principal charity organizations are joining to raise $8,800,000, or $3,800,000 more than was raised last year. In Cleveland $930,000 was spent for material relief in 1930, and Kenneth Sturges, general manager of the Community Fund, puts the corresponding total for 1931 at $2,640,000. It is expected that expenditures in 1932 will be as great or greater. To help meet them the voters of Cuyahoga County, 75 percent of whose population lives within the Cleveland city limits, are being asked to approve a special one-mill tax which will provide $2,100,000 or more. St. Louis has spent about $750,000 on relief of the unemployed since October, 1929; between now and April 1, 1932, it is thought that another $1,000,000 will be required. In Cincinnati more than $1,000,000 has been spent to date, and it is unofficially estimated that at least as much will be needed this winter.

Substantially the same situation is reported in other cities. Seattle has spent $1,910,000; it will need $1,500,000 or more this winter. Baltimore will have spent about $1,000,000 during the calendar year of 1931; it will need at least $1,750,000 for 1932. Dayton spent $636,000 between October 1, 1929 and August 31, 1931; for the six months ending April 1, 1932, it will require $400,000. St. Paul spent $426,674 in 1930, will probably have spent $605,654 for the year 1931, and is expected to need $760,000 for 1932. Pittsburgh expended $2,000,000 from the beginning of the depression to August 31 last, and requires $3,750,000 for the coming winter. Dallas spent $183,000 during a corresponding period and will spend $750,000 for the coming winter.

These estimates are, of course, important as ratios rather than as totals. It is the percentage of increase that reflects the real seriousness of the situation, as it is seen by those whose profession brings them closest to it. The next question is where the money needed is coming from—and,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps, whether it is coming at all. As The New Republic recently pointed out, more than 70 percent of the relief funds are coming from public sources. In certain cities the percentage runs as high as 95. A few examples, of big cities as well as little ones, will show how much diversity there is. In Spokane private charity furnished $60,000 of the $300,000 spent up to October 1, 1931. It will be asked to give $50,000 for the coming winter—25 percent instead of 20 percent of the whole. Little Rock has raised $48,000 since October, 1929, with private charity furnishing $29,000 and the city government $19,000. It plans to raise $50,000 this winter, of which the city is expected to furnish only $3,000.

Five-eighths of Providence's total of $800,000 has come from private charity, but it is expected that private givers can furnish only $225,000 of the $600,000 required for the winter's needs. Dallas expects to get only $200,000 of the $850,000 needed from public funds. In Pittsburgh private charity furnished $1,371,200 out of $2,000,000 spent, and private sources are relied upon to furnish $3,500,000 out of the $3,750,000 needed this winter. St. Paul has steadily increased its use of tax money for relief, and the tentative estimate for 1932 calls for only $160,000 out of $760,000 to be furnished by private donations. Hartford is raising about $200,000 from private contributions and $550,000 from public funds. In Dayton private charity raised nearly half the relief fund expended to date, but the estimates for this winter give it a quota of only $150,000 out of a total of $400,000. Cincinnati has raised $700,000 by private gift and $400,000 by city and county appropriations. This winter it is expected that private charity will yield $250,000 and public funds $750,000. If the mill tax already mentioned is accepted by the voters of Cuyahoga County in November, 80 or 90 percent of the relief funds needed in and around Cleveland may come from this one source.

One of the questions asked in The New Republic's questionnaire was, "Do you find any evidence that the sources of private charity are drying up?" The answers are pertinent at this stage of the discussion. On the whole, they are encouragingly negative. "All classes are giving more than ever," replies Director Harry M. Carey of the Community Welfare Federation of Wyoming Valley. Others who replied gave such answers as: "Apparently not; our Fall Chest campaign will tell the story"; "Not at this moment"; "Not for relief, but much less willingness to support educational and preventive programs"; "Not yet"; "No, but years like this one make it difficult to raise money"; "No—on the contrary, some are eager to respond"; "Yes—even to the extent that collections on last year's pledges are extremely hard to make at this time."

One cannot make statistics out of human emotions, and it is too early to make a guess as to whether the public will provide, through gift or taxation, enough to meet this winter's crisis. That actual starvation will be permitted is unthinkable, though it is depressingly not unthinkable that thousands will suffer from malnutrition, inadequate shelter and insufficient clothing. But the question is how near private charity can come to carrying out the job it has undertaken, and, if private charity fails, how soon public charity can step in. Individualism is apparently scheduled to have full opportunity in the work of relief, just as it had full opportunity in producing the conditions which now make relief necessary. Will the experiment succeed? And, if not, how far will it be carried? On these points we can get very little light. We must suppose that the social workers who make estimates of coming needs are acquainted better than most of us with the usual forewarnings of those needs. But a social worker cannot know to what extent, if any, business will revive during the next six months. Consequently the best estimates of the proportion of the national income which must be diverted to keep alive those who will have no incomes this winter are only guesses.

It is on those guesses that plans for relief have to rest. And these plans rest also, in so far as they are not governmental, on what part of their surplus individuals can and will give. "We are hopeful, but it will be hard work." "It will be hard to obtain." "We hope to raise approximately the amount. We have no assurance." "We feel optimistic." Prospects for raising the sums needed are "fair" or "good." Such are some of the comments made in answer to The New Republic's query, "What reasonable expectation is there that the balance necessary will be obtained?" The charitable organizations cannot allow themselves to be pessimistic. Yet until the money is not only promised but actually in their bank accounts, they cannot be sure that they are to have all they need.

The uncertainty of the situation might have been expected to raise doubts in the minds of social workers as to the adequacy of the present means of dealing with it. But there is a good deal of testimony to the contrary.

> I believe [writes Mr. David Armstrong, secretary of the Worcester Welfare Federation] that there will be many people receiving aid for the first time in their lives now who will very readily develop an expectancy to be relieved the next time they have any difficulties. I believe that this expectancy would grow tremendously if there were a huge federal appropriation that everybody knew about. I believe that the longer we can continue with the principle that each community should take care of its own, the better off the country will be as a whole.

"I am personally opposed to federal aid for unemployment," declares Secretary Burt of the Providence Community Fund. "I believe that this opinion is shared very largely throughout the state of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rhode Island." John F. Hall of Seattle would accept federal aid "as a last resort," but adds:

> In our present unemployment crisis there has been evidence of a deepened sense of responsibility for all its people on the part of the local community. This social sense, or whatever you choose to call it, is the most promising foundation we have on which to build preventive and constructive measures to lessen unemployment. A federal dole is likely to help establish relief as the answer to unemployment, whereas it should be considered only a makeshift.

One hardly needs to point out that the replies to The New Republic's questionnaire cover only the situation in the larger cities. They leave untouched the condition in the small towns and in rural areas. There are whole regions in the United States where, for one reason or another, distress is acute and relief agencies are either lacking or are inadequately financed and equipped. In the coal mining areas in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, many thousands of miners and their families are destitute, partly because of strikes, partly because of low wages and irregular employment even among those who have continued at work. The same situation prevails among the textile workers, North and South. In the South, those dependent upon cotton for their livelihood are all but bankrupt. In the wheat-growing areas in the Northwest, one hears of farmers so hard up that in some counties in North Dakota, for instance, they have come together in mass meetings and agreed to pay no more interest on mortgages and other loans until times get better. In many other districts, the droughts of 1930 and 1931, and this year's grasshopper plague, have caused tremendous suffering which will not be reached by the Community Chests or any other form of organized urban relief.

Another group which is beyond the reach of professional charity work is the thousands of unemployed men—and sometimes women—who take to the road, either in hope of finding a job somewhere else, or just drifting. Railroad men know what their problem is like, and a writer in a recent issue of Labor, the official organ of the Brotherhoods, tells something of present conditions. He describes "veritable armies of migratory workers wandering from place to place, swarming over railroad trains, congregating in camps—'jungles' they are called—and trying desperately to maintain a miserable existence." This writer tells of a freight train in Utah recently which carried ninety-two persons, including three women and a baby. In view of the emergency, the old rules against carrying these "deadheads" have been relaxed, and from sixty to two hundred on a train are not at all uncommon. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad carried 11,000 such persons in July. The president of one road estimates that his line is killing two or more vagrant riders every day when these men, often weak from hunger or fatigue, slip off the brake-beams or fall between the cars. Near Vancouver, a thousand or more "drifters" have congregated in a camp near the city, where lack of sanitation has caused an outbreak of typhoid and endangered the health of the whole community.

Returning to the statements of social workers on the general question of urban relief, let us quote for a final and striking analysis of the problem, Director Hodson of the Welfare Council of New York City. Mr. Hodson believes in "federal aid for unemployment relief under certain conditions and with certain safeguards." He continues:

> The primary responsibility for relief properly rests upon the local community. As to the ability of the local communities to meet this crisis, no one is in possession of the facts. There ought to be a survey of the financial condition of the cities and counties of the country to determine the present status of their tax-levying and debt-incurring powers. In those areas where these powers are exhausted the federal government will undoubtedly have to help, and if there are a substantial number of communities thus situated it may be necessary to pass a general appropriation act. . . .

The last question in The New Republic's list was, "Does the experience of this depression suggest any better way of dealing with the needs of the unemployed than that now practised?" This brought out a number of constructive suggestions, with considerable emphasis upon unemployment insurance, or the creation of an unemployment reserve fund. The creation of a reserve by private charities was also proposed, and the establishment of permanent unemployment committees on the pattern which seems to have worked well in Rochester, New York. "Some protection should be devised for the workers," thinks Secretary Atwater of St. Paul, "so that when you have an able-bodied person, willing to work, who cannot find work, he does not have to suffer the indignity of relief subsistence." Director Hodson "is fully convinced that some kind of unemployment insurance is necessary if we are to mitigate for the future the hardships of unemployment," but points out that "such insurance is only palliative in the absence of national planning for industry and some improvement in our economic order." From but one city in the entire list of those from which answers were received did there come any note of entire satisfaction with the existing scheme of things. This was Charleston, South Carolina. "I believe," states Miss Georgia L. Jatho of the Charleston Community Chest, "we have the problem fairly well solved. Should a dire emergency arise this winter, we will look to those in the higher scale of giving to come forward, which they have never failed to do if convinced."

What impression does one derive from the sum of these answers? Unmistakably those who have sent them are taking their jobs seriously. Yet, beyond the perception of the immediate task and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impending necessity, almost all are groping in the dark. Unemployment has to be treated as though it were what the insurance companies call an "act of God," not to be foreseen, not to be prevented, but to be dealt with as humanely and wisely as possible when it occurs. The social worker cannot do otherwise. His position is analogous to that of a fireman in a community which has no fire-prevention laws.

But back of the social worker are communities, and back of the communities a nation, not yet organized either to prevent unemployment or to deal with it adequately when it becomes a desperate problem. No one now doubts that the causes of economic depression are more than local and more than national. Yet, putting aside entirely the question of federal aid, there exists no national body of information and no national pattern of action that can be brought to bear in this crisis. Perhaps we shall have both information and pattern before the next depression. For the present and for the coming winter we shall apparently rely on rule of thumb, preserving our individualism and our local independence, but allowing countless human lives to be broken because we did not, on a nationwide scale, foresee and prepare. R. L. DUFFUS.

The Tragedy of Tony

The following article by Mr. Hopkins describes an incident unearthed by him while making an investigation of police lawlessness this year on behalf of the Wickersham Commission. Mr. Hopkins visited a large number of cities in all parts of the country, and it was largely on his investigation that the eleventh report of the Commission, on the third degree, was based. The case of Tony, which he here describes, is exceptional only because it ended in the death of the victim; otherwise it is repeated almost daily in many communities, large and small, throughout the country.

The editors of The New Republic have in their possession the name of the city and the names of the police officials implicated in the story Mr. Hopkins tells.—THE EDITORS.

THE DEATH of Tony is on record, in the police department of the city where it occurred, as an instance of suicide, by hanging, in a cell; the assumed motive being the boy's desire to avoid his trial, which was to start that day, for the murder of Christine, his three-weeks' bride. Tony had signed the confession which the police had given him to sign, admitting that murder; so the record seems clear. The subsurface facts indicate a quite different possibility; in the opinion of the attorney who first gave me these facts, and various witnesses who corroborated them, the affair ranks with the major tragedies of lawless law enforcement. It occurred in an important city in the late summer of 1930.

Five competent persons stood ready to testify at Tony's trial that this eighteen-year-old Italian boy had been cruelly and painfully beaten, after arrest, to make him confess. So an exposure of the third degree was threatened. Such corroboration was exceptional; that is always, of course, the major difficulty in proving the third-degree charge. But the chances of being believed for once favored the victim. Ending in death though it did, the affair was successfully hushed up; three months after its occurrence the chief of police of the city blandly assured me that he had no recollection of the case. That, in itself, seemed corroborative.

Tony and his bride Christine lived in the Italian quarter of this particular city. He was eighteen, she of about the same age. They had been married only three weeks. This is a district not devoid of gangsterism. Tony had been a ward of the juvenile court. Now he was employed, and it is to be noted that the girl's own family stuck by their belief in Tony's innocence and gave every assistance to his attorney. Nor did the detectives ever establish the slightest motive, even to a minor quarrel, in support of their theory that he had killed her. All available evidence on that point was to the effect that they were getting along extremely well.

Being too poor as yet to establish a home, Tony and Christine had continued after marriage to live with their respective families, around the corner from each other. Evenings they went driving in a borrowed car. On an evening in August, 1930, they so went driving. Tony's family said that he returned home about eight o'clock and went to bed. The following morning two things occurred: Tony got up and went to work as usual; Christine's body was found several miles away, at the top of a cliff.

She had been shot dead, not at the spot where the body was found, but evidently at some distant place, for rigor mortis had had time to set in and her body was in a sitting position. The circumstances indicated that she had been driven, after death, in an automobile. There was another curious circumstance: the ground sloped upward toward the edge of a cliff, and her body was lying there in plain sight: had it been carried a few feet farther and thrown over the edge, a swamp would have concealed it, perhaps forever. That precaution had not been taken by the person who had brought it thus far.

These two circumstances—the "ride" and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemingly deliberate exposure of the girl's body as though for a warning—bore resemblance to a gang crime. And Tony (we need not necessarily believe his statement) later told his attorney that four men, whom he knew but whom he was afraid to name, had run their car into the curb, shunted him aside, and taken the girl riding with them. There is no record that the police even investigated this theory, plausible on the surface though it was. No traces of blood were found in the car Tony had used. His act in going to work as usual and appearing unworried might have been indicative either of innocence or masterly criminality—you may take your choice.

Take your choice, too, as to his act upon returning from work shortly after noon of Saturday, the next day. I quote from Tony's statement to his attorney as taken down by a stenographer and transcribed, with the English obviously somewhat ironed out:

> About 2 p. m. Saturday, August 2, I came out of my home on —— Street. Mosquito [one of his family] was sitting on the front steps and said to me: "Tony, there is something doing at Christine's house —there are some cops there." I immediately went over to Christine's house. . . .

So Tony, whether guilty or innocent, had walked into a trap. Truly a youthful murderer of amazing nonchalance—or else an innocent boy! That Mosquito had told him the police were present was verified by Mosquito himself. I dwell upon this, not especially because I am trying to acquit Tony, but because it would seem the detectives should have observed, and taken some account of, the innocent manner of his approach.

Tony insisted it was at this moment that he first learned his bride was dead. Johnny and Mary, Christine's brother and sister, had just been to the morgue and identified her body.

At first, at headquarters, a detective lieutenant "talked nicely" to him.

> He told me of the bad reputation Christine had had in the neighborhood and that he didn't blame me much if I did kill Christine. He said he would have done the same thing if he had been in my place. I denied to him that I knew anything about the matter. Then other detectives started walking in and out of ——'s office; Y—— [a third detective still] came in and started threatening me, saying: "I'm going to get permission to do like they do in —— (a neighboring city), hang him up by the feet, beat him up and kick him in the testicles—that will make him talk." This sort of thing went on until 7 or 7:30 p. m., detectives coming in in turns; then Mr. —— [the lieutenant] said that he was taking his wife and children to the show.

Note the entry at this point of Y——, the third detective. Many departments have one such man, a professional inquisitor or departmental sadist, to whom such cases are turned over for "solution." Note also the action of the lieutenant in charge—he turned Tony over to the official beater-up, then established his own alibi.

> After —— [the lieutenant] left the room, X—— [the Italian detective] made me stand up, near to but not touching the wall. They all continued to question me, up to the point where I had denied any knowledge of the affair so often that I finally refused to answer any more questions. X—— [the Italian detective] then slapped me in the face when I refused to talk, using profane language, telling me he would make me talk.
>
> X—— got out a piece of hose about two and a half to three feet long. I was then ordered to turn my face to the wall of the room, facing the corner. Y—— hit me several times with his fist on both sides, just below the ribs. He also slapped me in the back of the head and in the face, so that my head struck the wall many times.

This has the appearance of a well practised technique. The simultaneous crashing of two fists into the hollows above the hips, coming unexpectedly from behind, is rather ingenious; but compelling a man to stand erect for hours at a time is as old as the Star Chamber itself. To continue:

> [The lieutenant] came into the room a number of times during the evening, but I was never assaulted while he was present. He joined in the questioning many times.

What we apparently have here is a hint of the method by which officers, and police departments as such, remain "in the clear" about the third degree. Continuing without an omission:

> I asked for a drink of water and some food, which was denied me. Some time after midnight the two detectives took me from the homicide room, out through the big room and into an office next to a room where [some identifying details are given]. I was ordered by the detectives to stand facing a corner of the room, so I could not see what was going on. I did so for several hours; I was not permitted to sit down or lean against the wall in any way, and was struck many times with two fists at one time just below my ribs on both sides of my body.

So it lasted for the remainder of the night. These attacks by an unseen assailant, from behind, were apparently of the sort that leaves no marks—a primary consideration of the "modern" American detective in routine quest of truth. This was a "softening-up" process:

> —— [the lieutenant] came back Sunday morning, somewhere, I would judge, between 9 and 10 a. m. Started to talk nice to me, but I told him I had nothing I could tell him. This questioning was carried on until about 1 or 2 Sunday afternoon.

So the second degree of this third degree had, from the police point of view, failed. At about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two o'clock of this peaceful Sabbath afternoon—with the reporters, no doubt, coming to work and starting to inquire: "Haven't you got that confession *yet*"—someone in authority (this was the controlled type of third degree) decided it was time to go and get it. It was done as follows:

> I was made to strip, lie down on a table face downward, my head hanging over the end of the table. One man held one arm with one hand, and pushed my head downward with the other hand, while another detective held my other arm. One detective held my two legs.
>
> The last time I could see what was going on, X—— had the hose in his hands.
>
> While I lay on the table, I was beaten with a rubber hose over my bare back, just below the ribs, for forty-five minutes or an hour—being asked at intervals: "Will you talk?"
>
> My answer always was: "I have nothing to say," or, "Nothing I can tell." Finally, to get them to stop beating me, I said: "I will say what you want me to say if you let up—stop beating me."
>
> I was then permitted to get up from the table. X—— still had the hose in his hand, and Y—— was there with another. I said: "I don't know what you want me to tell you; but you can make up a statement and I'll sign it." They then, for the first time, gave me a drink of water and told me I could order what I wanted to eat. . . . Mr. —— and [the lieutenant] then came in, and the detectives told them I had talked.

It was in ample time for the Monday-morning papers; it made a "good story," too: "Bride-Killer Confesses." Citizens read that comforting narrative over their coffee cups or en route to their offices, feeling a little warmth of safety in their hearts because the police had got that one, anyway. But to return to Tony:

> Soon thereafter I was taken in an automobile with [four detectives] out to the place where they said my wife's body had been found. They showed me around the place. I had never been there before, and I told them so. They asked a lot of questions, particularly about the gun that had been used. [The gun found in Tony's house hadn't fitted the bullet in the body.] To stop their questioning, I finally told them I had thrown the gun over —— Bridge. We drove to the bridge and I indicated a spot over which I had thrown the gun—the first spot that came to my mind. The two detectives went down below and in about a half hour reported to —— that they could not find it.
>
> We then came back to the Central Police Station to the homicide room. —— told me they were getting my statement typewritten. I again said I would not sign it. Y—— then said to me: "If you don't sign it, we'll give you the works worse than we did before." —— and —— came back into the room and laid the paper on the table and one of them said: "That paper contains what you told us." I hesitated for a moment, and finally signed the paper. I did not have a chance to read what was on the paper, except from what I read in the newspapers on Monday, the following day.

So much for Tony's narrative as taken down, with colloquialisms obviously modified, by his attorney's stenographer. Now for the conclusion of the tragedy:

That Monday afternoon the boy sent for the only attorney he knew, a former city official, who had treated him fairly during the previous juvenile-court trouble. This attorney stated to me that he clearly saw that the lad was so weak he could hardly stand, and in great pain. Tony had said he had been beaten by the detectives; the attorney made the lad pull up his shirt. The boy's back, above the kidneys, was swollen, discolored, and the attorney became convinced he had received a very severe beating.

Nearby were two deputy sheriffs, whom this attorney knew. They, at least, were not tied up with the police department. He called the deputies over, made them inspect the boy's injuries, told them they would be subpoenaed to testify. They noted the marks.

That night the boy's agony increased. Early Tuesday morning he was taken to the emergency room for treatment. Here is a verbatim copy of the entry on the medical record book, all but the names:

> Name Mr. —— ——
> Admitted 8-5-30
> Diagnosis Bruises left & right hips
> Treatment Luminol & hot applications
> Remarks: Mr. —— claims he was beaten by police officers at Central sta.

The night nurse who treated him left a note for the day nurse: "[Bill]: This fellow claims he has been beaten by Detectives at the Central Sta. He has Bruises on his left & right sides. I gave him Luminol & told him to use Hot Applications. I think be better to let [the doctor in charge] see him also." He signed his name.

The blank contains the further annotation: "Pt [party] Examined by Dr. —— Aug. 5/30/."

So there was corroboration by five excellent witnesses at least to his injuries and (if admissible) his allegation of how they had been received. An attorney who had formerly held office, two deputy sheriffs, a police night nurse, a police physician, a medical record—exceptionally good corroboration. When, six weeks later, it was found that the original attorney could not serve, and the court appointed counsel to defend the boy, the latter promptly rounded up these witnesses, who agreed to testify. This attorney also went to the station and copied down the medical record. It was a good thing he did so; on going there shortly afterward, to make a photostat copy, he found that page of the record book torn out. It had vanished forever.

The police, one infers, had taken fright. Here was real proof taking shape which might cause a public flare-up and make some heads go into the basket. Not one shred of real evidence, other than the boy's confession, had been found. Both families, Christine's and his own, insisted Tony was innocent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The obvious clues—the blood that should have been in his car, the gun that should have fitted the bullet, the flight or concealment in which Tony should have indulged—all were missing from the case. He even had a partial alibi, in his early return home. Not even a motive was shown. And here was a defense attorney, with five excellent witnesses, ready to impugn the confession—and incidentally to expose the third degree. So the trial date approached.

The trial was to open on a Monday. On Saturday the attorney visited the boy in jail. Tony had recovered from his injuries in the three months that had passed. "I found him in excellent spirits, and certain of acquittal," said the attorney to me. "I seldom make promises to clients, but I told Tony that by Wednesday I'd have him out walking the street. I noticed that the police had put two cell mates, both foreign, in with him, but I thought nothing of it."

Monday morning the attorney went into the courtroom, ready for the trial. The various defendants were brought in. Tony was not among em. Curious glances were being cast. The attorney made inquiry. It was then that he learned that Tony had been found, early that morning, hanged by a belt to an overhead pipe that ran above his cell. He was dead.

The attorney examined the cell. The belt was 32 inches long. The pipe to which one end was tied was three inches through, which accounted for a foot of the belt. The loop around the boy's neck accounted for nearly as much. The belt had been too short to allow the body to drop; death had been due to simple smothering, not to a fractured neck. The smothering could have occurred before the body was hung up—a mere conjecture, of course.

The two unidentified cell mates already had been released. The police stated they had let them go before they had found Tony's body within the cell. There seemed at first to be some uncertainty as to their names, but they were found again and brought in for questioning, only to be released when they stated that Tony had wanted to commit suicide and they, obligingly, had stood aside and let him. The police cell guards declared they had heard nothing.

Tony's death is on record as that of the suicide of a confessed murderer who feared to stand trial. His attorney, who had intended to expose the third degree, was disinclined to accept that theory.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

New Mexico Notes

INDIAN CORN DANCE

CAL CLAY, the Crooning Cowboy, rides in a purple roadster with his signature in gold on both doors. People say that he has never been on a horse—that he used to work in a Denver hotel. But he always wears enormous chaps and a silver-studded sombrero. He has appeared in night-clubs and movie vaudeville all over the country and made popular phonograph records. He whines to a guitar about the prairie, the coyotes and the old Chisholm Trail. Lately, however, his General Motors stock has shrunk so and it is so much harder to get engagements that he has thought seriously of putting on a tent-show at the Indian dances and he has taken the matter up with the Indians.

Muna Gibbs has had some losses, too, but is still in a very sound financial condition, as her father was a member of a famous Wall Street bank. The great passion of her life is the Indians. She spent years wheedling Navajos and Hopis into making sacred sand-paintings in her patio so that she could frame them under glass, and she ended by going to live in a pueblo, where she did her best to look as dumpy as a squaw. The Indians, however, who, though they do not prize chastity, disapprove of wanton promiscuity, finally decreed that she must leave. She still dresses like a squaw, but smokes continual cigarettes.

Dirk Macdougal is an old Albuquerque real-estate man who has been running a dude ranch de luxe—$150 a week, with a bathroom and radio in every cabin, a guide on every ride and all you wanted to drink. For a while he was fairly successful and the Santa Teresa Valley was full of howling millionaires. But the overhead was high—especially for liquor and crippled horses—and the millionaires became rarer. Dirk has had to cut his rates in half and now charges his patrons extra for drinks and for taking them to the Indian dances. The party he has brought over today are behaving very sourly, as they don't think they are getting their money's worth.

Gus Fay and Luella Lamb are from Hollywood. Mr. Fay is going to direct Miss Lamb in a picture which will show the struggle between a Navajo and a white man for the love of a covered-wagon girl, so they have come in a big blue Pierce Arrow to get the spirit of a pueblo dance. Mr. Fay has bone-rimmed spectacles, marceled hair, a green whipcord riding-suit and polished puttees, and he has brought the little one-legged portable stool that he carries around on the lot. He watches the dance through a field-glass. Miss Lamb is also dressed in riding costume; she is a doughy-looking blonde. When she first got here, she thought that the yells and antics of the Indian rooster-grabbing contest were a demonstration in her honor.

Bill Peck is a well meaning fellow. He started to go to Yale, but was always having hangovers and not coming to class in the mornings and on trains he would get into card games with people who won all his money; so his father, a wealthy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drug manufacturer, sent him out West to a ranch. At the ranch, Bill read about the lost gold mines and the hidden treasures of the Spanish and decided to go out and look for them, because his allowance had been cut down to almost nothing. He wears a pistol slung under his arm and an old hat slouched over his eyes and goes for long walks in the woods with a pick-axe over his shoulder. One day he came back much excited and said that he had gotten into a cave all full of ice and that he had seen two American soldiers frozen in it and in a perfect state of preservation. But when they went out with him, he couldn't find the way and was never able to get back there again.

Jo Romero runs the peanut and pop stand and short-changes all the women and children. He has even mastered a conjuring trick which makes it possible for him to let people see that he has the right amount of money in his hand, but then hold part of it back in his palm. He overcharges for the pop, making everybody return the bottles and then not giving them their nickel rebate.

Lobo Baily is an old Roosevelt Rough Rider, who draws a small pension and has been drunk ever since the war with Spain. He used to live in Texas, but was recently convicted of killing a man who had said to him, "You think you're tough, don't you?" Lobo had shot him full of holes and when he came out of jail after serving his sentence was met by a group of his townsmen, who ran him out of the state. Nobody likes him in New Mexico either, but people take a certain satisfaction in hearing him swear at Jo Romero. He has been refusing to give pop-bottles back and when Jo Romero insisted, slung one of them into the stand with a parting high-pitched spew of bad language, and knocked over all the Crackerjack boxes.

Ella Davis and Sam Furstman are married, though Miss Davis keeps her maiden name. She comes from Kansas and paints lengths of flat landscape diversified only by sage-brush or cactus and with darkish mountains rising in the background. Today she is wearing neat boots, a fancy pink sombrero and a green silk scarf at the neck of her blouse; she has spectacles with yellow rims because with her artist's feeling for color she wants them to go with her blonde hair. Sam Furstman is a writer and they live mostly on what he makes: he has done an Indian-lore series for boys and is now writing magazine articles for grown-ups on the romance of the old Southwest. He has psychoanalytic theories about Geronimo, Kit Carson, Montezuma, Archbishop Lamy and Billy the Kid.

Father Raphael is the priest and unlike most of the priests in the country parishes, serious-minded and even fanatical. The Indians are nominally Catholics, having been baptized centuries ago by the Spaniards—so their dances are always inaugurated by a brief ceremony in honor of the local saint, after which the rain-invocation proceeds as in the days before the Christian medicine had been added to the native ones. Father Raphael belongs to the Spanish-speaking population of New Mexico and he has been profoundly exercised by the news of the Spanish revolution. Just outside the pueblo is a little white adobe church, which has been decorated partly by the Indians: for reasons never quite understood, they painted on the façade, many years ago, not only two brightly colored angels, but some butterflies and two horses, one red and one spotted, and both with saddles on—perhaps to carry the saved to Heaven. The day after Father Raphael had read about the burning of the schools and convents in Madrid, he went to the pueblo and had the butterflies and horses painted out.

Clifford Leadgood comes from Rockport, Massachusetts, and did post-graduate work at Harvard in the Italian lyric before Dante. Then he came down with t.b. and was sent out to Santa Fé. He is cured now, but stays on—he has a very small income from an interest in the Lowell textile mills. Ever since he came to New Mexico, Clifford has been fascinated by the Penitentes, the Franciscan sect of flagellants which survives only here. On Good Fridays the Penitentes go out at night and whip themselves in the hills. One of their number is crucified, while the rest of the company kneel before him, hugging cactus-spikes under their arms. Clifford has cultivated the Penitentes and they have admitted him to their windowless chapels. He will not tell you what he has seen there, but he will assert with quiet casual portentous Harvard assurance that the Penitentes are one of the only really great things left in the world. He has long thought seriously of trying to become a member and the dream which he nurses in secret, which he has intimated to only a very few friends, is of offering himself for crucifixion. The government put a stop some years ago to their nailing people up the way they had originally done: they only tie them to the cross now, and Clifford is not sure that this hasn't involved a degradation of the cult. Yet they tie you terribly tight and leave you up a long time and lay it onto you with whips and cactus: three years ago a man died. Clifford wonders whether it is true, as it is supposed to be, that they always have a doctor now, so that he can check up at intervals on your pulse and be sure you're taken down in time.

This is what the Indians are up against every time they hold one of their corn dances. The Hopi snake dance has become such an attraction for the whites that the Hopis are said to have reached a point where they feel it has lost its validity and have instituted a supplementary ceremony held in a secret place.

Some of the dances have always been secret. But the whites have done their best to get in to them. It is as if they felt that the Indians possessed some profound key to life, some integrity, some harmony with Nature, which the Americans have lost. And they read into the dances they see unattainable satisfactions—the realizations of poetry and religion which they themselves never know.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fourth of July

Till lately nobody paid much attention to the big cave at Carlsbad, New Mexico. But there was an old cowboy there who got interested in it and used to spend a good deal of time exploring it. He penetrated further and further and found that it was enormous. It turned out to be the largest cave known—there is a theory that it extends to the Grand Canyon.

Finally, five or six years ago, the government took it over and put a superintendent in charge. It got to be a thing for tourists to see. At first the old explorer was employed by the government as a guide, but the superintendent didn't like him—it was true that he drank a good deal—and succeeded in having him fired.

Carlsbad got to be a tourist town and the rapacity of the inhabitants knew no bounds. There was only one bank in Carlsbad and the tradesmen and hotel-keepers worked with the bank and kept other business enterprise out. They held the tourists up like highway-robbers. It got to be such a scandal that on one occasion a departing motorist, who had been brought there by copious publicity urging people to "See the Carlsbad Cave," hung a sign on his car which said, "See the Carlsbad Cave, but Keep Away from Carlsbad!"

One of the great drawing events has been the Fourth of July celebration. Carlsbad is on the Pecos River and the fireworks are set off over it so that their reflection makes a beautiful effect. This year, however, an accident occurred. Nine thousand people had gathered to watch the display, when suddenly, for reasons undetermined, about half the fireworks went off at once. Bombs exploded, geysers spouted, giant Catherine wheels made buzz-saws of light, rockets dived headlong into the water like the Gadarene swine possessed by devils, Roman candles emitted confused and innumerable balls of red, blue, yellow, white, violet and green. The banging and cracking were terrific. The municipal bathing-beach trembled and heavy waves beat against the shore. The weeds along the Pecos were in flames. Everybody fled for his life.

The worst thing was that the big American flag, the set-piece which had been intended as a finale, blazed forth prematurely in all its splendor in the midst of irrelevant flowerpot poppings, misdirected rockets and the gruesome glare of red and green light. Some who were not too scared stopped and gave a cheer. Edmund Wilson.

Planning for Agriculture

UNHERALDED and unreported, there occurred recently in Chicago an event more important than three-quarters of the news on the daily front pages. Its significance was both direct and indirect. Direct, because it had to do with agriculture, at once our largest and our most seriously beset occupation; indirect, because it was a conference of qualified experts to consider what should be done.

Probably no nation in the world has more experts than the United States, and none makes less or poorer use of them. We usually rush off madly in every direction at once without any program at all; and when we get into trouble, we improvise dozens of programs, but have no good policy by which to test them.

It is amazing to what extent the experts themselves have fallen in with this state of affairs. Economists frequently meet, but I am not aware that ever before in this country has any considerable body of them met with the intention of hammering out a policy which may conceivably be put into practice. Though their pronouncements usually have some theoretical bearing on affairs, the lack of mobilization of thought about purpose has given their lucubrations an air of unreality.

This conference on "Economic Policy for American Agriculture," held under the auspices of the University of Chicago, was attended by less than seventy-five persons, nearly all of them in key positions in government service, state agricultural colleges or the like. Behind it was a sense of urgency provided by the knowledge of an extraordinary crisis on the farms. In order that discussion might be free, the meetings were private. In order that it might be full, each session was given over to a single subject, with a leader whose business was not to read a long paper, but to court interruptions and argument. A conference of this sort would have to sit continuously for months, with research staffs at its elbow, to do anything like a complete job. Nevertheless, it made headway.

The most important headway it made was in clarification of views about the function of the expert. Even on the third day there was debate concerning whether economists ought to try to formulate policy at all. Some thought that to do so would be undemocratic, an attempt to dictate. But there seemed to be a predominant feeling that there is a policy function for those who know (or should know) which can hardly be exercised by anyone else. While these persons of course have no power to dictate and should not aspire to dictation, if they set their collective wits to giving the wisest advice they know how to provide, they may be listened to. They have never really tried it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The conference came to no formal conclusions or policy, but if it had done so, they might have been somewhat as follows:

1. *The economic problem of American agriculture is closely related to the world situation.* Our staple crops are, in the main, export crops. They have suffered, not merely during the existing depression, but for several years, from a deficiency of European buying power, which is closely related with (a) the tendency to seek national self-sufficiency stimulated by the danger of war, (b) tariffs and other barriers to trade, (c) reparations and war debts, (d) worldwide deflation and falling prices. There were strong opinions to the effect that we should, in the interest of the American farmer, seek immediate tariff revision downward, cancellation or radical reduction of debts and reparations, and, of course, international appeasement and disarmament. In addition some way must be found to set the world's capital and credit to work.

A fervid plea was made for inflation, especially for inflation by the United States, since we hold so much of the world's gold. This was supported by a number of reputable and conservative non-agricultural economists, who frankly expressed fears of a worldwide collapse of capitalism if steps of this kind were not soon taken. This position was endorsed by a prominent farm-organization leader. The proposal included not only an expansionist credit policy on the part of the Federal Reserve Banks, and an enlarged program of public construction by borrowing, but direct aid by the federal government to the unemployed and the bankrupt farmers to the extent of $3,000,000,000, paid for by what would virtually be an issue of greenbacks. This latter proposal shocked a number of those present, and many of the agricultural economists were not prepared to accept it. Nevertheless, the impression was inescapable that we are on the verge of another agrarian greenback movement, with more respectable support than any such movement has ever had in our history. Imminent danger, not merely to many farmers, but to insurance companies, federal land banks and other banks, exists on account of the fact that vast sums of mortgage interest cannot be paid, while if mortgages are foreclosed there is little possibility of selling the land or using it profitably. The only solution of this problem, aside from the painful and dangerous one of immense capital liquidation, is a rise in prices.

2. *Blanket restriction of production is not a policy capable of prompt or universal application.* Voluntary restriction, as preached by the Farm Board, simply does not work. Even if agriculture were organized to effectuate it, and even if every other industry were similarly organized, it is not sound to advise that all industries cut their output in order to obtain price advantages. Logical application of this practice all along the line would merely mean a reduced quantity of goods for everyone. The policy of the steel industry, for example, which cuts output to maintain prices, increases unemployment and offers no assistance in recovery from depression.

3. *Nevertheless, it cannot be asserted that American agriculture is suffering, or can suffer in the future, only from underconsumption rather than from overproduction.* It is quite possible that Europe will achieve more self-sufficiency in agriculture than she now has. An advance in her standard of life above the pre-depression normal would not, in any case, increase her consumption of wheat, grains or cotton; she does not import from us dairy products, vegetables or poultry; it might help our fruit, but that increase would be inconsiderable in relation to our total crops. Our exports of meat might be affected favorably. The population of western Europe, however, will soon begin to decline.

As far as the United States is concerned, population will begin to decrease in 1960, if not before; the growth in the next thirty years will be only as great as in the past decade (17,000,000). The birth rate in rural areas is higher than in cities. There is little prospect of any increase in per-capita consumption of agricultural products. Even if, as a result of rising standards of living, demand is shifted from staples to higher-cost products, there will be little need for expansion either of cultivated acreage or of man power. The rise of output per man in agriculture will continue, since mechanization has only begun.

4. *Land policy is of primary importance.* There are vast areas of land which have fallen into the hands of banks and insurance companies because of foreclosure. There are other vast areas (largely cut-over lands) which are subject to seizure by states, counties or townships because of tax delinquency. More land every day is delinquent either in interest or taxes; and in many cases the creditors are reluctant to assume the burden of responsibility for it. We ought to know how much land we want in cultivation, how much in forests, and what land. Serious governmental problems are involved because of the necessity of maintaining schools, roads and other services for sparse and poor communities, on land most of which is deserted. All this creates a need for land-utilization surveys, and state and regional planning which must consider the joint needs of agriculture, industry, recreation, water supply, forestation and rainfall, power, transportation, etc.

5. *The effects of mechanization must be foreseen and dealt with.* Mechanization tends to enlarge the size of farms, increase the requirements of technical skill, create unsalable surpluses, enhance the importance of capital as against land and labor, broaden the areas and change the nature of competition, and increase the dependence of farmers on the whole commercial structure. It does not, in general, mean the dominance of corporate farming in gigantic units: the margin is not large enough to attract speculative capital or pay costly overhead. There will doubtless be some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increase of corporate farming under specially favorable conditions; but the bulk of production will come from "the capitalistic family farm."

In addition, we shall have a large number of family-subsistence farms, now tending to increase as a refuge from unemployment, and always desired by many, even though unprofitable commercially, because of the attraction of farming as a way of life. Under modern conditions, however, nearly every farm family must have some cash income. Perhaps a solution of this part of the problem would be to encourage industry in rural communities, so that people could work part time in factories and part time on the land.

All through the conference, members had been wondering how any desirable policy could be effectuated. What agencies could be counted upon to do the job? There are millions of farmers, numerous other related interests, no dictatorship, and no possibility of one. At this point a detailed suggestion was made which fitted so closely the sort of policy which seemed to be required, the linking of the necessary agencies to implement it, and the desirable collaboration between the experts and the practical men, that after discussion it met with unanimous approval.

The proposal required dividing the country into a number of main agricultural regions, each more or less naturally defined by types of soil, climate and nature of agriculture. For each region a Regional Planning Council would be formed, of men familiar with the situation in the region. They would coöperate with the public or semi-public agencies concerned, and have as experts men detailed from the state colleges or other research institutions. Each council would immediately study the situation and the outlook for various crops. It would consider readjustment in production, and make recommendations for next season's farming plans as far as possible by the first of January, 1932. It would consider emergency phases of taxation, credit, marketing, etc., and give advice, whether for local, state or national action. It would also consider the effects on its region of national or international policies, such as those concerned with tariffs, finance or price stabilization.

There would be a National Agricultural Planning Council, to be appointed from the Farm Board, the Department of Agriculture and other interested federal agencies. It would designate the regions, inaugurate the regional councils, suggest problems to be considered by them, and appraise their recommendations from a national standpoint. It would consider national agricultural policy and make recommendations for legislation.

State conferences, containing representatives of state governments, farmers' organizations, financial institutions, etc., would meet in January to consider the conclusions presented by the councils, and ways of effecting them if approved.

Having done its best to meet the emergency, this planning machinery would turn its attention to long-range measures. These are described by Dr. M. J. Tolley, the author of the plan, as follows:

> Research would be directed toward determining the comparative advantage and competitive strength of the different regions in the production of different commodities. This might take the form of developing the agricultural plans (stated in "farm-organization" terms) for each region that will give the best returns under different price conditions, taking into account the production possibilities (relation between physical inputs and outputs) of the region, the characteristics of the farmers, etc. Continuing research would be necessary in order to learn the effects of improvements in technique, change in prices, etc., on any plans that may have been formulated for a region. Economic experimentation would have a place in the research program.
>
> One of the first duties of the regional councils would be to arrange with federal and state agencies for *zoning the land in each region* into agricultural areas, non-agricultural areas, areas that may be suitable for agriculture at a later date, etc. A vast amount of research would be necessary before the zoning could be done accurately and in detail, but the councils would obtain an approximate zoning on the basis of knowledge now available. The zoning could be revised and refined as conditions change and additional information becomes available.
>
> The agricultural land in each region would be zoned as soon as possible into type-of-farming areas (areas with homogeneous soil and climatic conditions, where similar types-of-farming prevail). The research activities of the councils and affiliated state and national agencies could then be directed toward developing the best farming *plans for each type-of-farming area* and revisions in plans made necessary or desirable by changing conditions.
>
> The state boards would give attention to some problems not entirely agricultural, e.g., plans for consolidating local governmental units; for highway development; for use of water in arid regions for agricultural, domestic and other purposes; etc.
>
> The National and Regional Planning Councils to devote a good part of their energies to informing the public concerning the objectives of their work, their conclusions and recommendations and the reasons therefor; the councils to be free to give publicity to their findings without regard to the possible effect on the political fortunes of parties or factions.

The conference ended by taking steps to bring this plan to the attention of those who might help to inaugurate it.

This, of course, is only the beginning of a beginning. But it shows which way the wind blows. Its potentialities run far beyond anything that can briefly be said about it. Really to serve agriculture, as to serve any other element in the national economic life, we must get down to the job of collective engineering. It will be a long, unspectacular and, at the beginning, clumsily handled endeavor. But there is no other way.

GEORGE SOULE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Open Season for Presidents—The White House Complex—Dignity and Democrats—Roosevelt and His Rivals

BEGINNING next spring, various gentlemen in both the Republican and Democratic parties who have been coyly cherishing presidential aspirations in one form or another have got to cease being coy and become candid —that is, if they want to continue to sit in the game. To use an old, timeworn but still trenchant expression, they have either got to fish or cut bait. The presidential primaries, the first of which is held in South Dakota, I think, early in April, and which continue in twenty-odd states throughout the month of May and well into June, will bring things to a head for these modest men who figure in the newspapers as possible presidential nominees, who privately thrill at the merest mention of their names in this connection, but publicly deplore the talk about them, speak solemnly of the "great personal sacrifices" involved, express the hope that the "call" will not come to them.

Exactly why men known to cherish White House dreams —and nearly every man who gets to be a Governor, or a Senator, or into the Cabinet, or who achieves distinction in the law or finance or business, does cherish them—why they should think it necessary to adopt this pose is utterly beyond me. There seems to be a feeling that the moment one's name is put to the front as a possible presidential nominee, anything like frankness upon the part of the individual is fatal. Though privately he may sweat and strain to promote his chances, publicly he must ignore the fact that he has any and avoid the subject completely in his utterances.

This time it is almost exclusively on the Democratic side that we find the examples of this sort of political fakery. On the Republican side the surety of the renomination of the sitting President, Mr. Hoover, makes it ridiculous for any other within the party to do any posing. It is expected that Governor Pinchot will be the spear head of the progressive opposition and as such will be a candidate. Various progressive Senators may play the "favorite son" role in order to hold their states. None of them, however, will be a bona-fide candidate. Not one will be under the slightest delusion as to the outcome of the Republican convention. They are perfectly aware that the selection of Hoover cannot be stopped and their whole idea is to make as strong a protest as possible.

Among the Democrats the situation is very different. Despite Roosevelt's long lead, his nomination is still far from assured. Notwithstanding the logic of his selection, there is the chance of another prolonged deadlock when the convention meets. The uncertainty naturally breeds candidates. At this moment the nomination gate is still partly ajar. So long as it is open an inch there will be plenty of bona-fide, honest-to-God candidates—more or less distinguished Democrats who, though preserving so far as they can a noble attitude of dignified aloofness, nevertheless will be dreaming, scheming and hoping as hard as they know how.

Among all of the Democratic possibilities, there is not a single one who is at this time an open, above-board candidate—not one yet who confesses he would like to lead his party—not even Governor Roosevelt, whose candidacy for months has been in skillful hands, is well organized, and for whom a great deal of work has been done. All of them—Roosevelt, Young, Smith, Baker, Hull, Robinson, Ritchie, Reed—have consistently talked as if the Democratic nomination of a candidate for President were something of which they had never heard.

The thing is truly ridiculous and the wonder is that there is not more general amusement about it. The time is approaching, however, when some of these modest Democrats will have to stop fan-flirting or lose their chance. For instance, Governor Roosevelt, who is as coy as any of them and with less excuse, will be obliged to enter the primaries in the Western states, where a sentiment exists for him. Not to do so will increase the number of uninstructed delegates in the convention and increase the chances of sidetracking him. It is the only possible thing for him to do, but the minute he enters the primaries he becomes an avowed candidate and has to drop his pussyfooting pretense of not wanting the nomination.

The interesting question is whether his rivals will let him win in these primaries by default or whether one or more of them will be forced out in the open as an aspirant in order to give him competition. Unless they do, he is apt to bag so many delegates in states in which there are no favorite sons that he will have the nomination cinched before the convention meets. If they enter the primaries, there is a chance that his progress can be checked and the competing candidate acquire scattered delegates here and there to add to his state total. To enter, however, they have got to come out from behind the screen, abandon the "receptive attitude" and make a noise like a man who wants the job, and wants it badly. It will be interesting next April to see which of the Democratic aspirants enter and which do not. It will be a hard decision for some of them to make—Baker, for instance.

Washington. T. R. B.

French and English

He, by Alfred Savoir, adapted by Chester Erskin. Guild Theatre, September 21, 1931.

The Breadwinner, by W. Somerset Maugham. Booth Theatre, September 22, 1931.

SOME YEARS ago an actor or musician well known in night clubs or orchestras or somewhere, there is no need to look him up, had a full role in "June Moon," mostly wisecracks very much after a certain taste, smart-aleck, forced and cheap; and all of it was snapped up by the audience, who plainly found it their sort of wit. At the sort of wit afforded by M. Savoir in "He," the Guild audience that I saw had no intention of laughing; clearly they would have none of it. There seemed to be a general agreement that the evening was hopeless.

The situation in this new play at the Guild is this: in a Swiss hotel, luxurious and mountainous, the delegates for the Free Thought Congress have met, have been kept to business by the inclement weather, and have, after voting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God out of existence, decided to depart for their various homes. In their midst has appeared a mild lunatic, who has cast a dissenting vote, and claims himself to be God. The avalanche threatens the hotel, there are revolts in the service, there is a princess who has run away with a champion of the prize ring; she falls out of love with the champion and in love with the dancer Nikita, and finally with Mr. God. The elevator man thinks himself Napoleon. Mr. God, after being locked up, is brought in to straighten conditions out; but when safety returns for the hotel and the guests, he is turned over to the asylum superintendent who has come to take him back—the truth is, the lovable lunatic is missed around the asylum, they can't do without him. Mr. God, after performing what he deems a miracle in turning the princess away from her base love to a love for himself, regains his confidence, for a moment lost, in his own divinity. In the end he appears to elude his keepers and to escape among the common people, or whatever it is that the audience represents, when Mr. Powers, with the smile and boyish movement of the last two generations of our juveniles, steps over the footlights and down the aisle.

I will say one thing for the Guild, often true before: they can at least provide us with something to think about. I for one was not by any means bored at this performance of "He," and I think I saw many people present who could have learned something from it—if the sense of learning a little can banish boredom. I sat listening with no little interest to a play that was for the most part not being performed, but whose lines I could hear. How much Mr. Chester Erskin in his adaptation blurred or lost what is in the French original I do not know; but whatever had happened, there was a good deal left. Picking out piece after piece from the scumbled and softened melee, we had a chance to study a kind of thing far away from us, born of another racial mind, of another tradition. The scenes and incidents in this French play, the mood and humor of it, ironical and sarcastic for the most part, are all built on logic and burlesque analogy. Our ways of thinking about God, necessity, reason and social and philosophical theory are applied to this lunatic and ironic state of things in the comedy. You can hear the play fold back over itself, watch situation after situation balance one another as part of the comic logic; you see all the ancient inconsistencies on human theory and behavior appear, and note the satire of that hungry, bitter and scattered folly in which we lead our lives. More or less, that is, there is all this to see; as you can see also that this type of French play, built really on ironic dialectic, belongs, obviously, in the classic tradition, and descends to us by way of such a piece, for example, as Molière's "Amphitryon," where divinity, human nature and the burlesque of doctrine and reason are the dramatist's matter.

There were plenty of stock, if not stale, ironies in "He," such as the woman turning to God, or to his minister, with the first white hair in her head. But there were places witty enough also: the way in which the asylum superintendent had missed having the lunatic around, for one example; or the sudden emotion with which the lunatic's violin struck his mockers, as if in music man has got something of divinity started that may yet get away with him, however sensible he may be. Such places, though the ore of them had to be mined with a pick in such a performance, were not scarce.

The playing all through "He" should be in an ironical key, real feeling within a whole in which the feeling is not real. We need an overseeing mentality in the director by which the hilarity and irony might somewhat pleasantly emerge. Mr. Erskin's direction was without any feeling for the stratification in the logic of the scenes, and contrived to give us no sense of the point of view that was being so satirically applied in speech after speech. Among the actors nobody except Mr. Claude Rains seemed aware of the philosophical hits of the speeches. Mr. Rains as the Napoleonic egoist knew what he meant. The rest of the company played away blindly with their several methods. Mr. Tom Powers did the God-lunatic with unabated winsomeness and a physical self-consciousness, brow-wrinkling, nervous hands and all, that suggested house-party theatricals. So far as I could understand matters, by the time the last act arrived it had become Mr. Powers', the Guild's and the director's intention to woo the audience by turning the whole affair into a kind of "Passing of the Third Floor Back," the leading man as holy, humble, ingenuous, and mixed up with everybody's life and story.

This whole occasion was in fact a good lesson in acting. Mr. Eugene Powers, as the president of the agnostics, displayed all the elaborate farrago of his usual method, sometimes admirable, but did not give us an instance where the excuse for and real point of his method would appear, namely in the gay, witty and comprehending application of it to his role and speeches. Oddly enough Miss Violet Kemble Cooper seemed closer to an understanding of the play than anyone else. Her manner of playing, which usually only blandishes away the effect of any reality in any scene and blocks its movement, seemed often very happy for her part in "He," where the feminine soul is so ironically exhibited to us, in the midst of its multitudinous if centripetal desires and concerns. To be exact, there is the scene in which the princess comes with her troubles about the prize fighter and the dancer Nikita, the new beloved; little she cares about whether this man is God or what He thinks, she is thinking of herself and of what impression she wishes to create. This is precisely the impression Miss Cooper's playing always gives even in the most intense scenes; and so in this case at least it is quite right.

In the setting for this piece many witty chances were present. As it stands, the foolish carved hall clock, moving mechanically at the back, is about all there is. We could have had expressed in this room that side of the Swiss soul that has yodeled itself into cuckoo clocks and eidelweiss. Or we could have had the hard, brilliant and modern style of decoration, finely expensive for the guests, or the plushy Victorian from that godly, comfort-worshiping age, or diverse other designs, for this room in which are met the grasping proprietor, the harsh weather, the Free Thinkers, the loving ladies, the pugilist, the maunderings of the lunatic Godhead in their midst. As it was, Miss Aline Bernstein gave us only a stage setting that was ugly and obvious. Perhaps the chief trouble with this whole event of M. Savoir's play was that nobody involved had a good time with it. One look at some of those Greek vase paintings of Mercury, in the form of the husband's valet Sosia, bringing Divine Zeus, in Amphitryon's form,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to betray the noble wife and so become the father of Hercules, would have helped everybody.

Of Mr. Somerset Maugham's new comedy of manners I suppose we may say that the very lightness of its surface must imply something sinister about the phenomenon of its appearance. At any rate, it is the story of a tired British business man whose brokerage firm fails, and who leaves, quite dishonorably as he feels with relief, some of his creditors and all his friends and family, and goes off to the Continent to find some sort of life for himself. In fact, he will live on twenty-five dollars a week, which, being only about five times what some entire families must live on in Italy, simply means that he will starve there, or be most picturesquely vagabond. Some fairly agreeable scenes arise when the various persons of his family and his friend's family tell the deserter goodbye. Otherwise, except for these scenes, the play, as well as its hero, must represent the abandonment of that trouble and concern which not only life but the stage has hitherto required. The first act consists mostly of the youngest generation talking together. The dramatist's part in this appears to be nil; the acting of the two leading juveniles, Mr. Angus Macleod and Miss Betty Linley, gives us a good illustration perhaps of a certain fidgeting individualism. We hear from them also an astonishing aggregation of vowels concerning the English language; to be more accurate, each speaker has one vowel used over and over for everything.

Mr. A. E. Matthews as the awakened father and Miss Marie Lohr as the wife gave performances that almost persuaded you at times that the play was good.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

From a Socialist Critic

SIR: Your two recent editorials, "Socialists as Conservatives" and "British Labor Fails," aroused in this reader both hope and disgust, hope that The New Republic has arrived at a new insight into the methods of altering capitalism, and disgust that you did not accompany your demonstration of new insight with (1) a display of sackcloth and ashes for your past sins and (2) pledges for the future.

Everything you said about the shortcomings of Socialist parties in Europe in those two editorials can be said with greater vehemence and justice about The New Republic's editorial policy. If the German Social Democrats have compromised with business interests in order to save a democratic government, remember that you compromised in the last presidential election by supporting Al Smith when there was little to be gained except cheaper beer and better regulation of the power trust. If the socialists of Europe supported the War, so did you—with much less excuse, because we Americans had more time to think it over and more facts upon which to base a sound judgment. With one possible exception, the members of your editorial board have not permitted themselves to become known as Socialists.

You pointed out clearly the tendency of Socialist leaders to bargain and compromise within capitalism in order to win immediate benefits for their followers. For that reason we need in America a political movement that is boldly and fundamentally radical, a movement that goes to the roots of capitalism's failure by emphasizing private profit as the source of corruption and which refuses to keep silent about the complete socialization of all large-scale industry in order to gain some immediate goal.

Where is that movement to come from? Not from the Communist party, because its leadership is so dishonest and sophomoric and because the Third International's dictatorship of Communist party policy in this country has been so singularly stupid that no self-respecting person can accept it.

It would seem that the new movement must come either from the Socialist party or from a new party which is not less revolutionary than the Socialist party. The whole inference of your editorial attacking European Socialism is that the same errors must not be repeated in this country and that we must not build a liberal party which is wobbly and timid on fundamental issues.

Good! THEN WHERE DO YOU STAND? Will you support Roosevelt as against Hoover in the next presidential campaign if Roosevelt makes a few pretty speeches about power and unemployment relief? Will you advocate a new Progressive party that is more foggy and wobbly than the European Socialist parties you have criticized?

I wish to say for myself that I have belonged to the Socialist party for years and voted its ticket because I believe that with all the party's shortcomings its platform is intelligent and right. I think that if Americans form a new party it should not be because they are too conservative to accept the fundamentals of Socialism but simply because the Socialist party has failed so often to win elections that a new start may be strategically desirable.

New York City. PAUL BLANSHARD.

[The editorial on "Socialists as Conservatives" has been misunderstood by a number of Socialists, perhaps because of its own lack of clarity, perhaps because Socialists have been rendered oversensitive by attacks from their left. It is therefore well to summarize it before proceeding to Mr. Blanshard's challenge. The editorial pointed out, not in a hostile spirit but as a matter of dramatic interest, that the German Socialists, although professed followers of Karl Marx, had become the chief bulwark against a threatened European revolution. The civilization which they are making every sacrifice to save from its own blunders is essentially a capitalist one. Socialists in Britain and other European countries have been acting in the same way. While Communists attack Socialists for this behavior, it is probably inevitable. Any powerful party representing labor, just like any trade union, has grown up under the existing regime, is part of it, and must, in order to hold its power, attempt to adapt that regime to the needs of the workers by compromise and piecemeal changes rather than by the immense dislocation of revolution. Unless capitalist society actually collapses of its own weight, in spite of all efforts to save it, the more conservative leaders of labor are bound to have the upper hand as against the revolutionaries. All this was said in the spirit of scientific observation, without approval or disapproval.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editorial then went on to point out that while capitalism had not so far been essentially changed by Socialist methods, which have been reformist and superficial in the main, it was possible to conceive of its being changed without violent revolution. But such change would depend on the existence of a technique and a program which was applicable to the processes of production and exchange themselves, rather than on reformist trimmings. This is why the idea of planning is important. We must have a properly engineered economy if we are really to avoid the chaos of capitalism. The editorial was, therefore, a challenge to the Socialists to make central the idea of economic planning, rather than resting content with their traditional slogans about profit, private ownership and the like. It is an indication of the formula-ridden thinking about these matters that a number of Socialists totally ignored the real point of the argument, and were unable to distinguish it from the ordinary leftist tirade. The editorial on British labor applied the same type of analysis to the political crisis at Westminster.

The New Republic does not intend to waste space putting on sackcloth and ashes for past mistakes or making political pledges for the future. It does not pretend to be infallible. Nor is it an organ of any party or orthodoxy, whose function is to drum up popular support. No consequences of any moment follow from its advice to voters in a presidential election, whatever that advice may be. Its function is rather to deal in ideas, to aid discrimination, to provide as candid and discerning as possible a medium of critical opinion for those who are interested in discussion of this sort. It has not attacked European Socialists for supporting the War, and it does not believe that support or non-support of the War in 1914 or 1917 is any criterion of the soundness of anyone's views in 1931. Whatever may be said of its War record, it certainly has never ceased pointing out the evil results of mistaken War policies and of the peace. Its attitude on American politics has been dominated ever since the War by a sense of the bankruptcy of the Republican and Democratic parties and a hope for the formation of an effective party representing the workers of the factory, the farm, the railroad and the office. This hope dictated its qualified adherence to Christensen in 1920 and to La Follette in 1924 (in company with the Socialists). The inability realistically to entertain any such hope for the immediate future made it emphasize a preference for Al Smith over Hoover in 1928—though it did not cease to criticize the Democratic party, devoted much space to supporters of Thomas and gave its blessing to those who preferred to vote for him.

At the moment, whatever insight we possess into the methods of altering capitalism does not suggest that the way to do it is for a few editorial writers to join up with the Socialist party. The best we can do now is to emphasize what seem to us to be the leading ideas which may induce Socialists or others to want to alter it to good purpose, and which may enable them really to do so. Certainly, if what is meant by altering it is nothing more precise than the formula of eliminating profit and establishing public ownership of large-scale industry, an overwhelming victory for the Socialists (remote as that appears to be) would not do the necessary job. The essential change is toward an economy scientifically managed for collective ends; if public ownership and the elimination of profit are proved to be necessary, they will be necessary for that purpose, not in and of themselves. We believe in a planned economy, and will do everything possible to help achieve it. That is where we stand.

As long as the Socialist party remains an agitat[illegible] minority, it is far more important that it should a[illegible]itate for the best possible program than that it should recruit members from journals of opinion. We probably place less emphasis than do many Socialists on political machinery and methods. Nevertheless, if there were in this country a real party of labor, we should, as individuals, feel a compulsion to join it and exercise from the inside whatever influence we possessed. As long as there is not, we cannot feel guilty of moral dereliction in retaining political independence—an independence which, of course, includes the right to support the Socialists' nominee in the next presidential campaign, if in our opinion that would have any beneficial effect on historical processes.—THE EDITORS.]

CORRESPONDENCE

Inflation or Deflation?

SIR: Miss Lonigan's statement on the price situation in The New Republic of September 23 deserves warm praise. At present we are drifting. Whatever may be the ultimate policy, inflation or deflation, she has made a very real contribution to the clarification of the deflation viewpoint.

SIDNEY H. SCHEUER.

New York City.

Korean versus Chinese Life

SIR: Yesterday I chanced upon Mr. Younghill Kang's review of my book, "The Good Earth," in a copy of your magazine [The New Republic, July 1]. I translated it to a very fine old Confucian scholar of my acquaintance and he was very much amused at its idealism. He would not believe it was not written by a foreigner. When I told him I believed Mr. Kang was a Korean, he exclaimed, "That explains it! The Koreans are very different from us Chinese. They speak a different language, wear different clothes, have different customs, different temperaments. They know something of Chinese classics, but nothing of Chinese life. But how strange the American editor asked him to review a book on Chinese common life! It is as though he might ask an American to review a French book because Americans and French are white people together."

When he went away he said, "Please write to the American and tell him the points the Korean makes about the Chinese life are all quite wrong. Chinese common people do not live the life Confucius advocated. Would they did!"

I give you his words quite literally. They were unsolicited.

For my own part, I appreciate the fact that you tried to find at least an Oriental to review my book. Mr. Kang's state of mind as revealed in his review I quite understand, and it is to be found here in China among a certain group. I have every sympathy with these sensitive, proud persons who cannot bear the strong life of realism as it is found in their own countries—the more, because their suffering is so unnecessary, and if they only would see it, they could be so much more proud of their common people than they are willing to be.

It has been a great pleasure to me that certain Chinese magazines have understood my book perfectly and have given me excellent and understanding reviews, notably The China Critic, The Chinese Nation and others. After all, my final critics must be the people among whom I live.

PEARL S. BUCK.

Nanking, China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the Small Farmer Dying?

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 372 pages. $3.50.

Red Villages, by Y. A. Yakovlev. New York: International Publishers. 128 pages. $1.50.

WE LIVE in the century of revolutions, when the Button Molder of history recasts all things in his flaming forge. Witness the fate of the small farmer. Technically, he has performed his labors in much the same crude, sweaty way since the beginning of history; politically, he has been the rock on which all the slave societies were built, "the chief bulwark of religion, monarchism, capitalism."

Who ever imagined that anything could affect this prehistoric man? It is a sign of our tremendous time that in two great countries, at least, the small farmer is being liquidated as a class.

Here in America the change is attended by all the horror of a profiteering, planless society. It is like the extermination of the Indians, except that these new victims do not die of bad whiskey and bullets, but of mortgages and stock markets. The American farmers are in full rout. More than four million persons have abandoned the farms in the past decade, according to the Department of Agriculture. The rest hang on to life in the spirit of aviators stranded on the polar ice. Taxes, mortgages, debts, the fluctuations of the world market, the tariffs, the stock exchanges, all the forces in the world melodrama conspire together to eliminate the small farmer.

It is necessary to understand what is happening in America before one can understand what is happening to the farmers of Soviet Russia. The collective movement there is not an isolated movement, the whim or the tyrannical pleasure of a small group of "dictators." Collectivization is imposed by history and economics. Politically, the small farmer or peasant is a drag on progress. Technically, he is as antiquated as the small machinists who once put automobiles together by hand in little wooden sheds. The Russians have been the first to see this clearly, and to adapt themselves to historical necessity.

The collective movement has had its ups and downs in the Soviet Union; there have been hardships and needless suffering, but if it were possible to measure human agonies in the balances, the Russian price for collectivization would probably swing a feather's weight as compared to the American mountain of lead and gold.

Maurice Hindus was present in the Soviet Union during the first year of the collective movement. His impressions in "Red Bread" make clever and able journalism, but on the whole are superficial. Mr. Hindus has not the careful training and political and economic insight of H. N. Brailsford, whose method of reporting a Russian factory town in the pages of The New Republic some years ago has since been adopted by the authors of "Middletown" and others, and could have been used to immense advantage by Mr. Hindus in his Russian village.

It is not in what the reporter writes, but in what he suppresses, that one may judge his impartiality. Mr. Hindus reports, very fairly and squarely, the suffering of the *kulaks* and other village elements who have borne the brunt of collectivization. The *kulaks* were the moneylenders, land grabbers, employers and political gangsters of the dark villages. For the first time the Soviets have been able to break their power, and now the *kulaks* display the pathos of a defeated ruling class. Many of them at first took to arson and murder as an answer to the collectives, but Mr. Hindus does not mention this fact.

He has a curious sympathy for them, and a rather mawkish and "artistic" nostalgia for the past. He hovers with Chekhovian tenderness over a Greek Catholic priest he met, "a puzzled little father." This little father may have wielded an axe in chopping off Jewish heads in pogroms, or he may have been a glutton, a drunkard and a Tsarist spy, as were many of them, but Mr. Hindus will not spoil his poetic picture to mention this. The priest is out of a job; the youth refuse to go to his church; this moves Mr. Hindus.

He describes an old-fashioned peasant wedding with much color and wistfulness; "it was probably the last of its kind." His book is full of the picturesque wails of parents whose children refuse to obey them, of broken-hearted ex-landlords who must now work like others and have no servants; it is a gallery of the Russian past, and Mr. Hindus' past. The old customs are dying, the old economic system is dying, and Mr. Hindus does not love the raw, bold, exciting new. He belongs to the anti-machine school of literature, and his position is similar to that of the young Southerners in our midst who are making such a valiant stand against Ford cars, telephones, bathrooms and other manifestations of the industrial North.

Yet the nostalgic Mr. Hindus forgets his suffering *kulaks* and priests occasionally to give some attention to the youth that is building the new Russia. He reports great changes in the little village where he was born; a village of a thousand souls, lying in a hinterland far from railroads and telegraphs. He found a schoolhouse there, "unbelievable, for me with my memories of the old village, a supreme adventure." And there was a nursery in this lost, mud-encrusted village, the first in its history of a thousand blind years. The peasants had fought the nursery at first as a piece of new Soviet oppression, but now it was successful, and babies were not dying like June moths in the good old-fashioned way. There was also a new fire station; fires had always been a calamity that wiped out whole provinces of huts, while the peasants stood by crossing themselves piously.

The local collective, Mr. Hindus reports, had also been bitterly opposed, but had shown such miracles in production that now everyone but the long-whiskered diehards was its partisan. The new youth was solidly behind it. The new youth did not go to church, but lived an intense free life. The whole village was intensely alive, Mr. Hindus says. In the fields, streets and homes a huge debate went on endlessly: the peasants wanted to understand and discuss everything—tractors, politics, America, religion, communism, science. But not enough of this new vitality has crept into Mr. Hindus' book to leave one with any adequate picture of what is happening to the Russian peasant. A reporter may be said to fail when he subordinates the main event to the picturesque, the pathetic and the accidental. Mr. Hindus has written a good "color" story, but he is capable of better work.

Y. A. Yakovlev, Commmissar of Agriculture, tells about the great change in Soviet Russia in his book, "Red Villages." As commander-in-chief, his account is a precise blueprint of what is happening, a precise statement of the theories behind the events. It is perhaps overtechnical for laymen, yet it can bring to the imaginative reader more of a picture than the heavy colors and rich emotionalism of Mr. Hindus' essay. It has the curious, hard beauty that radiates from facts when stated by a master. Yakovlev is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not concerned with the dramatic as is the author of "New Russia's Primer," but something of the same quality enters his report. All the new Russians have this new massive poetry in their souls. Figures become boring in America, the land of large figures and small purposes. Yakovlev is full of figures and statistics about flax, corn, hogs, cattle, wheat, fodder, fertilizer, tractors. But these figures are not those of Babbitt boasting of prosperity through his Department of Agriculture: they are the poetry of the collectivist spirit, which sees in these statistics the mechanism of a spiritual revolution.

Through the collectives, the Russian peasant is being set free from hunger, illiteracy, provincialism, superstition, dirt, disease and the dark animal dreams of his tragic past. The American farmer has had a past not so tragic, but tragic enough. He is being pushed into collectivization, says Yakovlev in a fascinating chapter on America; for as rapidly as he abandons his farm, the new machine trusts are stepping in. In twenty years, probably, America's farms will have been swallowed up by the bankers and large corporations and operated scientifically for the profit of stockholders and millionaires. Soviet Russia is avoiding the capitalist phase,Yakovlev continues; it has speeded up the inevitable; its farmers will not be wage slaves under capitalism, but free coöperators in a free Socialist society. Every increase in production will automatically be distributed in the form of mass luxuries. There can never be an overproduction problem in the Soviet Union, he affirms. Mass production does not mean unemployment there, but higher wages and increased consumption; it is not controlled by private owners, but by the community. This is the crucial paradox of capitalist civilization; mass production is a social process in private hands.

Yakovlev tells us that the collective movement has already succeeded in the Soviet Union. He says that some thirty million peasants, 50 percent of the total mass, are already enlisted under its banners. The collectives have overcome their first crude blunderings, and have justified themselves in peasant eyes. Production has been doubled; the standard of living has been raised over that of the individual peasant. What is as important, a cultural revolution has broken out and sweeps the nation like a crusade. Nurseries, school houses, radios, newspapers, books, cinema, science and the modern world have been brought with the collectives into dark villages where once only priests, cockroaches, landlords and epidemics thrived.

How can Mr. Hindus have missed all this? He may answer that Comrade Yakovlev is misrepresenting the facts, but this is hardly credible. Yakovlev's book is really an extended report made before a Congress of Soviets, the members of which came from every part of the Soviet Union, and therefore were in a position to check up his statements. The Soviet workers do not lie to themselves; it is too dangerous. Let us believe, then, that something new is happening in the Soviet Union, that land of the new. And let us not forget, like Mr. Hindus, what is happening to the *American farmer in these dismal days of 1931.*

MICHAEL GOLD.

MR. GOLD, himself an interested observer of social trends, excels in pointing out the unconscious prejudice of other observers, generally considered to be disinterested. It is a good thing for us to be reminded that Mr. Hindus' admirable reports on the Russian villages are not impartial, that readers should correct them by applying a coefficient of prejudice, that they express the sentimentalism of the old—just as Mr. Gold himself expresses the sentimentalism of the new. All this is too obvious to require comment, and my only reason for adding a footnote to Mr. Gold's review is to criticize not what he says about collective farming in Russia, but what he says about the present plight of the American farmer.

Mr. Gold, writing on Russia, is justified in relying on the testimony of the Soviet Commissar of Agriculture, but he shouldn't rely on the same testimony when writing about agriculture in the United States. Neither should he place much confidence in Walter B. Pitkin, whose "Great Dirt Conspiracy," printed in the August Forum, was a bitter and sensational attack on "the good old American Farm Home, its quarter section and its half-wits." Mr. Yakovlev from Moscow, and Mr. Pitkin from his comfortable chair in the Columbia School of Journalism, announce that individual American farmers must give way, within the next twenty years, to huge farming corporations financed by Wall Street. Already, they say exultantly, the cityward drift is irresistible. Let us consult the available figures and see whether they are right.

During the ten years previous to 1930, the total farm population of the United States dropped from 31,614,269 to 27,222,000. The Department of Agriculture has issued annual estimates of the decrease, which ranged from 600,000 in 1926 to about 200,000 in 1928, toward the end of the decade. During the same period, corporation farming proved vastly successful in the new and semi-arid wheat lands of Montana, western Kansas and the Panhandle of Texas. Hickman Price, who owns the largest individual wheat farm in America, grew wheat in the Panhandle at a cost of forty cents a bushel, and prospered while smaller farmers, whose true cost was a dollar or more, were going bankrupt year by year. All this supports the Yakovlev-Pitkin theory; but all this happened before the great depression.

At present the corporation farms are faced by difficulties on which they never counted. They can grow wheat for forty cents a bushel or even less, but having harvested and threshed it in one operation, by the most modern methods, they must sell it in an old-fashioned competitive market for twenty-five. They are units of organization in the midst of a disorganized society. If they have maintained a safe surplus from more prosperous years—and many of them have been very prudently managed—they will survive until prices rise. But their example is no longer a shining one to be emulated by other industrialists. . . . The last word is significant. These industrialists of wheat are not farmers in the old sense of the word. They profit or lose by the soil; they do not live on it. Their employees buy baker's bread and canned milk, and meat butchered in Kansas City or Chicago. Their rainy-day provisions, if they exist, are in the bank, and never in the smokehouse or the cellar.

And so the corporation farms and those who cultivate them are doing badly. The individual farmers—the middle farmers who have tried to imitate their example by *mortgaging their land to buy expensive machinery*—are doing even worse. All farmers are suffering in these depression years, but those who suffer least of all are precisely the small farmers, the backward farmers, the uneconomic farmers on marginal land whose extinction as a class has been so confidently predicted from Moscow and Washington and Manhattan. They have the advantage, during these hard years, of being largely independent of money. They live directly on the produce of the soil. And instead of dying out, they are actually increasing in number. For the tide has turned since 1929; more people are returning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the land than are leaving it for the city; the Department of Agriculture estimates that during the year 1930, there was a net increase in farm population of about 200,000; it prophesies that the net increase during 1931 will be even larger.

These people returning to the farm will have a hard time of it. They won't starve—and in this respect they have an advantage over the unemployed in the cities—but neither will they be able to maintain what we used to call the American standard of living. If prosperity returns, many of them will drift back to the factories. Corporate farming will then resume its interrupted development. It will never be so widely practised in this country as in Russia—simply because the prairies are narrower than the steppes, and because hill-country farming doesn't lend itself to the same intensive mechanization—but some day it may come to be the dominant force in American agriculture. I hope that its possible day of triumph will be delayed, at least until we have developed an ordered society in which corporate farming is not threatened with the abuses of corporate manufacturing.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Booze Age

The Wet Parade, by Upton Sinclair. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

ONE MUST have courage to rewrite "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" in terms of the Noble Experiment, but Mr. Sinclair has never lacked courage. From "The Jungle" (1906) to date he has repeatedly thrust a sharp knife into most of the sore spots of our contemporary civilization: the packing-house filth, the newspaper racket, the oil scandal, "Massachusetts justice," etc., etc. Taken as a whole, his fiction presents a wide panorama of our unlovely civilization, and for that reason alone may well earn its niche in the history of American literature when the efforts of his more esthetically minded colleagues have long been forgotten. There are, of course, those who do not like to be reminded of the sore spots incidental to a rugged individualism, who prefer Couéing to themselves and others. They cannot stand the sight and smell of the social pus that spurts when the knife cuts into the pleasant surfaces of American society. They denounce the surgeon as "muckraker," or "sensationalist," or just plain Red, and deny the truth of his pictures because they say that with the freedom of the fiction writer he multiplies occasional horrors into national characteristics.

More sophisticated readers, professors and critics, hold that Mr. Sinclair's novels are not "literature"—whatever that may mean. One professor of letters boasted recently that he had never had occasion to mention in his courses the author of "The Jungle," "The Brass Check," "Boston," because Mr. Sinclair did not write what the professor happens to recognize as "literature." It is very difficult to say just what makes "literature" until long afterwards, long after both author and critic are dead. Of only one thing we may be sure: that the most widely influential imaginative writers of the past never self-consciously set about creating literature; they were always more concerned with the substance of what they were doing than with manner or form, however important these latter may be. If a passionate interest in the substance of all great literature—life—if a wide acquaintance with its special manifestations of the writer's own day, if a deep conviction about the values underlying its varied phenomena and the ability to set them forth, count in the making of enduring literature, all these Mr. Upton Sinclair has demonstrated again and again that he possesses.

Also to a larger extent than he is usually credited with having, he has the artist's instinct for arrangement and emphasis, for selection and for appealing expression. Anybody willing for the moment to lay aside his prejudices cannot fail to feel the charm of the opening part of "The Wet Parade," especially of the Louisiana plantation, the "Teche country." Indeed, one often feels about Mr. Sinclair's work that if he could for once forget his passionate preoccupation with human depravities and indulge his sense for background and character, he might easily become a distinguished novelist in the recognized manner. If for once he could ignore the mess which our society engenders and defends, he might create more interesting people. But that would not be Mr. Sinclair. In "The Wet Parade" the characters as usual are strictly subordinated to theme and background, to a controlling purpose. If there is no character so imaginatively realized as that of Vanzetti in "Boston," or of the butcher in "The Jungle," the company of alcoholics and suffering female relatives, the golden-haired booze-fighting poet from the South (and the poet's lights of love), the bootlegging banker, *et al.*, are reasonably credible, not mere journalistic papier maché. Something more might be said for the fiery-hearted heroine (daughter of a drunkard) who becomes a temperance lecturer and makes a great success recounting the agonies of her youth; something less for the good young hero (son of a drunkard) who becomes an enforcement officer and gives his life in the hopeless effort to make Long Island dry. But these human figures in the drama, consistent as they usually are, and sufficiently sympathetic, are mere vocalizations of the forces at play in the huge melodrama of "To Drink or Not to Drink," now being staged in every city and hamlet of these United States. Mr. Sinclair has neglected no angle, no aspect, no detail of this grotesque squabble: political, religious, social; bootlegger, boozer, politician, officer; alcoholic art, literature, theatre, press. And there can be few ignorant enough of the situation to deny that the sum total is a just picture of what America is today!

For the story's sake, for immediacy of appeal, certain subtler aspects of the sordid picture have necessarily been subordinated, although they stare at the intelligent reader from between the lines. One is the revelation of the failure our civilization has made in creating a responsible, respectable aristocracy, leadership. The most despicable side of prohibition has been the part played by our "very best people," leaders of business, society, politics—yes, education! From those rich planters in the South, self-indulgent in drink and (black) women, who voted for the Amendment in order to keep liquor from Negroes (to protect their white women!), with no intention of personally observing the law, to the big manufacturers in the North, who favored it for labor but not for themselves, and the Wet congressmen who vote Dry, and the Bolshevik-hysterical rich, terrified lest "lawlessness" endanger their precious property, yet who encourage the greatest disrespect of law ever known in a modern state in order to gratify their appetite, the whole miserable outfit of our success factory, our "rugged individualism," is implicated in the pages of "The Wet Parade." . . . Mr. Sinclair, however, is an optimist; his last words are:

PROHIBITION HAS NOT FAILED!
PROHIBITION HAS NOT BEEN TRIED!
TRY IT!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What his novel shows is that there is little hope for prohibition in the U. S. A. and—what is far more portentous—that the American social experiment is in process of dissolution before our eyes. A society that can breed no better aristocracy than our booze-muddled leading citizens deserves what it gets and will get it fast enough.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Alien to the Waste Land

The Flowering Stone, by George Dillon. New York: The Viking Press. 62 pages. $1.75.

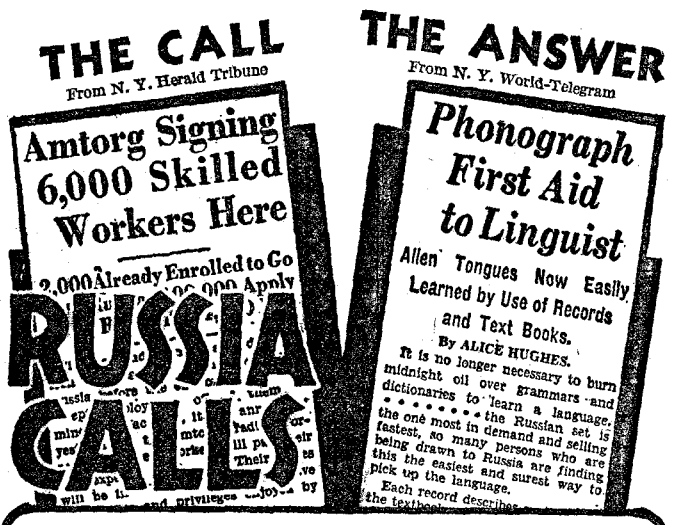
THERE are mannerisms in George Dillon's new book, and there are clichés. Rhymes on breath—death are overused, and there is a good deal too much of Beauty, the Dreamer and the Dream. There is some bad romantic writing, and some philosophical writing like bad Shelley—windy in manner and cloudy in purport. This book has less poetical integrity than Mr. Dillon's earlier volume, "Boy in the Wind." Here are a greater variety of styles (manners to you, Mr. Tate), an increasing preoccupation with technical virtuosity. Mr. Dillon's ambition has sometimes outrun his taste; essays in eccentric rhyming (not always unsuccessful) have led him to such grotesqueries as *fire on—iron, joy—showy, debacle—shackle.* Aiken, Yeats, Ransom, Brooke, Millay, are, I think, mostly admirable poets; I suggest that Mr. Dillon has been paying too much attention to his contemporaries. I call this a tentative, experimental, perhaps a hasty, book. It is sure that the young poet is growing; whether ripe or rank is not so sure. I call this book a poet's practice—with a few sure poems.

Still, one has to forgive lyric poets their negligences and extravagances; when they come back to earth their simple best leaves one in their debt. Half a dozen poems in this book—"The Noise of Leaves," "What Artifice," "September Moon," "Fantasia of Winter," "The Constant One," "The Dead Elm on the Hilltop"—testify that Mr. Dillon is a lyric poet. His eye and ear can be sensitive; his skill subtle; his feeling mellow, soft and warm. Earth is apparent to his sense, not as a waste land, but a flowering stone: it is good to hear the noise of leaves, or to commemorate a lightning-blasted elm:

> This tree was burned by lightning to its root
> In an October tempest many years ago now.
> I can remember the lovely range of its bough,
> Its scattered fruit,
>
> Its voice as of waters on an invisible shore,
> And the veined leaves transparent against the sky:
> And so I have thought this tree could not die till I die.
> Yet April comes no more,
>
> In a tall cloud of bronze to the top of the hill
> And summer stands no more in singing green,
> And autumn, returning like a murderer to the scene,
> Finds nothing left to kill.

One cannot premise popularity for even the best poems of George Dillon. The hue, right now, is so much not the wear. He has to learn not to be restless, to keep his own mood and his own dignity. It is enough to be a lyric poet, even without vogue, even if the season of a poem is brief as a year's late summer.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.


THE CALL
From N. Y. Herald Tribune
Amtorg Signing 6,000 Skilled Workers Here
2,000 Already Enrolled to Go
RUSSIA CALLS
THE ANSWER
From N. Y. World-Telegram
Phonograph First Aid to Linguist
Alien Tongues Now Easily Learned by Use of Records and Text Books.
By ALICE HUGHES.

FOR AMERICANS

. . . . Those Who Speak Russian PREFERRED

5000 American engineers are now employed in Russia at good salaries. Thousands of splendid positions still available.

Learn Russian Quickly In Your Home by LINGUAPHONE

The ONLY available instruction in the Russian language by self-teaching in spare hours

In two or three months you can converse fluently, read, write and understand Russian, the language of the hour, through this amazing sound-and-sight LINGUAPHONE method, now for the first time in America. Used in more than 8,000 schools, colleges and universities. Endorsed by George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

Universally acclaimed by experts as the most practical, quickest and simplest way to learn any foreign language. LINGUAPHONE courses available in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Irish, Afrikaans, Esperanto, Chinese and Persian. No tedious grammar to study. You learn as you learned your own mother tongue—by hearing it spoken. Prepare yourself for the commercial and industrial opportunities that the knowledge of Russian (and other foreign languages) opens up to you. If in New York, drop in for a free demonstration LINGUAPHONE lesson, or mail the coupon for complete details.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE of AMERICA, Inc. N. R.
10 EAST 43rd STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

☐ I would like to know more about your course in Russian

☐ I would like to know details of your course in _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Do You Know?

• This is the question that has made cross word puzzles, Ripley, and Ask Me Another books so popular. But intelligent people want more than merely to test their knowledge; they want to add to it, keep it up to date and make it as broad as possible. For 116 years THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has been helping them do it.

Its OCTOBER Issue:

❧ *Disarmament or Disaster,* by J. William Terry.

❧ *Throwing Dust,* by Harry Elmer Barnes — the modern agnostic's reply to orthodoxy — particularly an answer to Frank E. Gaebelein's article in defense of evangelism in the July issue.

❧ *Judicious Liberty,* by Chester Crowell — some objections to our over-popular scheme of zoning.

❧ *Industrialism Near Journey's End,* by S. McClatchie—an inventor surveys the new fields open to our industrial genius and finds them narrow indeed.

❧ *Belles at the Bargain Counters,* by Frances Drewry McMullen — the wholesale invasion of New York City by Southern girls, and what they are accomplishing.

❧ *Immorality and the Future for Farmers,* by Ralph Aiken—who finds a small bit of diversion in the farmer's plight.

❧ *The Bank and the Bar,* by Henry A. Shinn—a law professor's attitude toward corporate encroachment on legal privileges.

❧ *Southern Town,* by Sara Haardt—sketches.

AND OTHER ARTICLES AND DEPARTMENTS

Those unfamiliar with the Review in its new guise may become acquainted by taking advantage promptly of this half price offer, open only to new subscribers:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW N.R. 9-31
9 E. 37th Street, New York City

For the enclosed One Dollar, send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for six months (Canadian Price, $1.25; Foreign, $1.50).

Name .....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Book Notes

World Politics

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1931. *University of Chicago Press. 731 pages. $12.50.*

Changes have been great in China in the past year and "The China Year Book" continues its valuable work of recording them. The volume has been reworked, arriving at a more compact and precise form than ever before, with only 731 pages as compared with 1,200 in previous editions. A number of new features have been added—"Imports," "Recent Scientific Achievements," "Treaty Negotiations," "Opium Measures," etc., each by an authority on the subject. Much remains to be done in arranging a uniform system for Anglicizing the names of people, cities and provinces. The most interesting chapter is "Who's Who," wherein one finds a list of the makers of the new China.

INDIA IN 1929-30, by the Director of Public Information of the Government of India. *New York: British Library of Information. 496 pages. $1.*

This readable parliamentary report was prepared, with the approval of the Secretary of State for India, by specialists in the fields of commerce, education, industry, etc. The report contains, in addition to the usual maps and charts, several attractive illustrations, three appendices, and an exhaustive index. The information, covering the problems of present-day India, is factually comprehensive. There is evident, however, a decided attempt to present a rosy, progressive picture and to emphasize the entirely altruistic attitude of the governing authorities. As a work of reference, the book has much of value, but it should be used with caution.

STARK INDIA, by Trevor Pinch. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 288 pages. $3.*

Mr. Pinch, editor of The Civil and Military Gazette during 1928, made contacts with the major problems confronting India. Excitedly yet sympathetically, he ranges over the evils and abuses in the social, cultural, religious and economic life of India, and does not gloss over unpleasant features. The chapter headings themselves are clamorous: "Unclean! Unclean!" "In the name of the gods!" "Thou art a widow, and accursed!" Unlike Katherine Mayo, Mr. Pinch has no particular axe to grind. He writes in a reportorial sense, as a spectator of the scene, and yet his book has a warm touch to it, an appealing challenge to humanity.

RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION IN THE FAR EAST, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. *New York: Coward-McCann. 476 pages. $5.*

Though General Yakhontoff was a Tsarist officer and an assistant minister of war under Kerensky, his attitude toward the Soviet government is friendly, and he has even adopted, in halting, empirical fashion, some of the Soviet ideology. In the present volume he has collected a considerable mass of material bearing on the Far East. There is little in it that is new, nor has the spirit of life been breathed into it by a unifying idea; on the whole, it is compilation, rather than history or sociology. One-fourth of the text is devoted to the Chinese revolution since 1911. Considerably more space is given to Chinese and Japanese affairs, as well as to the relations of other Powers to the Far East, than to Russia; "Problems of the Far East" would be an apter title for the book. An appendix contains texts of a large number of treaties and conventions between Russia, on one side, and China and Japan on the other; many of these are given for the first time in English.

Fiction

IN KRUSACK'S HOUSE, by Thames Williamson. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.*

The story of Jencic follows the recent tradition of novels that treat of characters commonly regarded as simple folk. Jencic is a baker; he is very strong and very sluggish, and the implication

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that there is wisdom in his simplicity, in his baffled efforts to understand. His sluggishness, or simplicity, is harped on so steadily that one believes it, but in the end the creation of a stupid character does not seem a great achievement. The bare prose, the avoidance of literary flourish, are evidently results of an effort to keep the style in harmony with the subject, but eloquence is perhaps most necessary for a story as matter-of-fact as this.

A WOMAN, 49, by Francis Walton. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

This at least must be said of Mr. Francis Walton: neither the theme nor the style of his first novel is banal. His heroine is Julia Gentle, who shot her husband on her wedding night for the sake of purity, and so came to symbolize the aspirations of a town that was moving from licentiousness to respectability. For twenty-seven years she was a civic institution and a social force. Then, with the coming of a new age, her prestige began to wane, and she found that she could neither recapture it nor remake herself from an abstraction into a person. Mr. Walton's novel is intelligently, if obliquely, written, and has a certain piquancy—but not much else.

A Correction

In The New Republic of September 2, 1931, there appeared an article by Joseph Percival Pollard commenting on the reduced influence of the conservative faction in the United States Supreme Court. In it occurred these sentences: "During the past term (1930-31) these jurists saw the work of the conservative post-war court go for naught when the new majority upheld one welfare act after another, when taxing statutes were approved, when oppressive flag-waving enactments were annulled, when the total work of the judicial year redounded to the benefit of humble people. New Jersey was upheld in fixing the fees of insurance agents, Indiana was sustained in taxing chain stores, Minnesota's tyrannical newspaper-suppression law was overthrown and California's red-flag law was rendered impotent. It was all very painful to Justices Sutherland, Butler, Van Devanter and McReynolds."

This condensed statement should have been qualified by the observation that two of these members of the Court, Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland, agreed with the majority opinion in the California red-flag case.—THE EDITORS.

Contributors

R. L. DUFFUS, who has worked as reporter and editorial writer on The San Francisco Bulletin and The New York Evening Globe, is a special writer for The New York Sunday Times. His published books include "The American Renaissance" and "Tomorrow Never Comes."

ERNEST J. HOPKINS, for many years a newspaper man in San Francisco, is identified in the editors' note which precedes "The Tragedy of Tony." The article itself is a chapter from a book recently completed by him, "Our Lawless Police," which will be published by the Viking Press in October.

PAUL BLANSHARD, as executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York, devotes much of his time to fighting Tammany and profiteers. Three months of every year he reserves for lecturing and writing.

MICHAEL GOLD, during the thirty-four years of his life, has, according to his own estimate, "worked on about thirty-six jobs entailing manual labor and on about twelve newspapers as a reporter and copywriter, has been chased by cops in about forty street demonstrations and has helped in about twenty strikes." He is the author of three books, the most recent being a novel, "Jews Without Money."

ROBERT HERRICK is the author of many outstanding novels, the best known, perhaps, being "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," "A Life for a Life," "The Healer" and "Together." For many years he taught at the University of Chicago.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, at one time an editor of Measure, is the author of "Europa," a book of poems.

EXTRAORDINARY CELEBRATION

TOUR TO THE SOVIET UNION

INCLUDING 14 DAYS IN U. S. S. R.

Specially arranged to witness the spectacular celebration of the 14th anniversary of the October Revolution.

Visiting: Leningrad, Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, the Kremlin, a collective farm, Red Army and Workers' clubs, factories and many places of historical and cultural interest.

$225 $230 - $235

includes round trip steamship ticket and all hotel accommodations and meals, railways and sleepers, from New York to Moscow.

Sailing October 15
S. S. DEUTSCHLAND
S. S. EUROPA
S. S. AQUITANIA

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

The First American Travel Organization to conduct tours to the Soviet Union

175 Fifth Avenue ALgonquin 4-6656 New York

THE HOUND & HORN

Announces Its Fall Issue

TRANSLATION, an essay — *by A. Hyatt Mayor*
DEATH OF A GIRL, a story — *by Samuel Yellen*
INTENTIONS, a memoir — *by Gareth Endor*
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, a story — *by Janet Lewis*

Poems by

R. P. Blackmur, Robert Fitzgerald,
Merle Hoyleman, Horace Gregory

CHRONICLES

Architecture: Berlin, *by H. R. Hitchcock*
Movie: Mickey Mouse *by Kenneth White*
Music *by Roger Sessions*
Theatre *by Charles Flato*

BOOK REVIEWS

Photography *by Walker Evans*
Spanish Mysticism *by Fr. P. D. Hughes*
Gilbert's Joyce *by Francis Fergusson*
Wallace Stevens *by R. P. Blackmur*
Americans *by Lincoln Kirstein*
Russian Bibliography *by Leon Dennen*

"The best magazine from the literary and philosophic-literary point of view of any in America."
—THE CRITERION.

Two Dollars for One Year Or Your Bookseller
Three-fifty for Two Years Fifty Cents a Copy

The HOUND & HORN, Inc.
545 Fifth Ave., New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 East 15th Street ALg. 4-3094

DOSTOYEVSKY: THE ENEMY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
E. L. Tartak — Mon. 8:30 p. m., Oct. 5

POETRY—ITS USES AND ENJOYMENT
S. A. DeWitt — Tues. 8:30 p. m., Oct. 6

ABSOLUTISM AND RELATIVISM IN ETHICS
Felix Cohen — Wed. 7 p. m., Oct. 7

POST-WAR SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Huxley, Woolf, Joyce
Peter M. Jack — Wed. 7 p. m., Oct. 7

CHANGING ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE
Sidney E. Goldstein — Thurs. 8:30 p. m., Oct. 8

SHOUTS AND MURMURS
Alexander Woolcott — Thurs. 8:30 p. m., Oct. 8

Single admission 50c

Other study courses in Labor Problems, Economics, Socialism, History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Psychology, etc.

Write, phone or call for detailed information

The Institute of Arts and Sciences
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

October 13 — NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER — "The International Mind"
October 14 — LEWIS MUMFORD — "The Modern Spirit"
October 15 — FRANK BOHN — "Following the News"
October 16 — RAFAEL SABATINI — "Fiction in History and History in Fiction"
October 17 — BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER — "Old Bill's American Adventures"

Member's Annual Ticket ($15) admits to all these and to more than 150 other worthwhile events in McMillin Academic Theatre, northeast corner of Broadway and 116th Street. Lectures begin promptly at 8.15 p. m. You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS
THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY
By PAUL GREEN
UNDER the AUSPICES of the THEATRE GUILD
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St., & 8th Ave.
Evgs., 8:30; Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

New Edition
for One Dollar
Walter Lippmann's
A PREFACE TO MORALS

A book that will help you *adjust yourself* to the world you live in.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

POSITIONS WANTED

A young man of 24, now beginning his second year as an Instructor in English at a large university, wishes to desert this profession which, with its daily reading of flaccid themes, its pernicious scaling down of the teacher's thought to that of his poorest student, and the absence of even civilized subtlety in the character and conversation of his colleagues, seems to effect a seepage of his ardor, privacy, and talent, until it finally renders him one of those *content and corpulent young* M.A.'s with large buttocks. The applicant has published short fiction, been reprinted in O'Brien's, and recently finished a novel and a book of criticism. Any job, even vaguely requiring intelligence and discrimination, will be appreciated; especially one that requires an ability to write lucid and persuasive English. Excellent references upon request. Address: Box 628, The New Republic.

Young man, 21, single, with specialized musical and literary training, wants permanent position as secretary or secretary-companion. *Good typist.* Experienced correspondent. Can handle research work. Now employed. Address: Box 630, The New Republic.

HELP WANTED

We would like to find a cultured young woman to live with us as companion to our eight year old daughter after school hours and week-ends. Either full or part time can be arranged. Reply fully in writing, giving present occupation. Box No. 629, The New Republic.

APARTMENT TO SUB-LET

Studio Apartment, entire floor, charmingly furnished in French Provincial antiques, fireplace, real kitchen, complete linen, silver, radio. Bedroom 18 x 16', overlooking sunny garden. $150.00. Telephone: Spring 7-6462.

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP

A Clearing House of Opinion
Meets at Auditorium 150 W. 85th St.
Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 8:30 P. M.
HEYWOOD BROUN
will speak on:
"It Seems To Me"
(Weekly notices on request)

COUNTRY PLACE

LOWELL WAS WRONG

It is *now* that come perfect days. Enjoy them in perfect country. Hospitality that is "different" in pre-Revolutionary country-house, all modern conveniences.
Tel. Danbury 993 Ring 1—3 — Miss Alice Bennett, Brookfield Center, Conn.

FOR RENT

A family or 4 or 5 individual persons would find solid comfort, spaciousness, privacy, and an unusually light and airy, uniquely accessible apartment of 5 large, separate rooms. Fireplaces. Friends' School and Gramercy Park available. All the makings of a Home. $160. Call STuyvesant 9-4080, or come to 129 E. 17th Street.

Greenwich Village: 14 Jones Street. Charming 1 and 2 room apartments. Electrolux, fireplace, convenient. $55 to $65. Superintendent.

Small house, with every comfort: easy furnace. Two open fires; sunny bathroom; real country on Hudson, only twenty-three miles from N. Y. $65. Grey: Palisades, New York. Piermont 35-M.

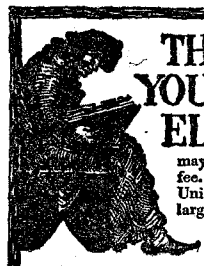
FURNISHED

Greenwich Village: 3 Weehawken Street, 2 room apartment, artistic and different. Roof garden overlooking Hudson River. Convenient to 9th Avenue "L" and Hudson Tube. Block from Hudson River, near Christopher Street.

SHARE APARTMENT

30 West 73rd St. Will share with refined woman spacious two rooms, bath and kitchenette apartment. Entire second floor. $75.00 per month. References exchanged. Telephone: Endicott 2-8603 or Circle 701512.

BOOKS



THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

may be rented for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately-printed editions, unabridged translations and extraordinary new books. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion Society
45 West 45th Street, Dep't C-6 New York City

SCHOOL

Beacon Hill School

Harting, Petersfield, England
BERTRAND & DORA RUSSELL

Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

TYPING

Young woman, experienced stenographer and typist, desires to do manuscripts or other typing during evening hours. Write: Box 627, The New Republic.

GENERAL

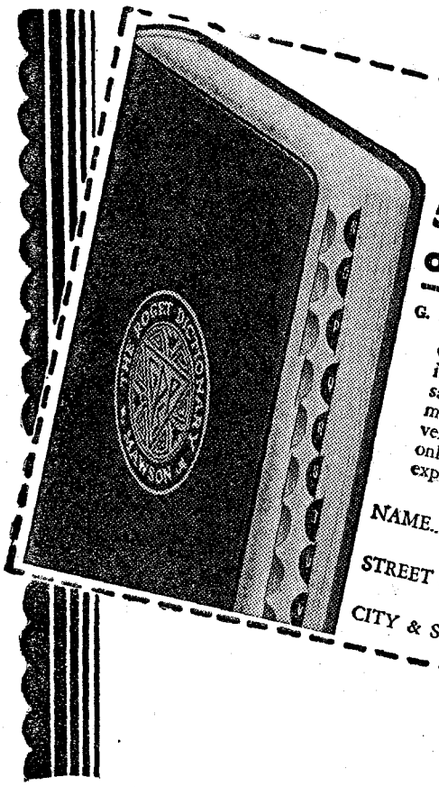
REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of all outdoor wear —direct from makers. Samples free. *Suit-lengths* by mail. Carriage Paid.

JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tear out, or cut out, along dotted line.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

entitling the undersigned to

5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION of THE ROGET DICTIONARY

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 7410, 2 West 45th Street, New York

Gentlemen: Send at once, postage paid, a copy of the thumb-indexed edition of THE ROGET DICTIONARY. If I am satisfied that this volume will save my time, give me a richer, more exact command of language, and help me in the development of ideas, I will keep the volume and send you only $4 in full payment. Otherwise I will return it at your expense within five days and owe nothing. Send to:

NAME.....

STREET & NO.....

CITY & STATE.....

If you haven't received this card

—*tear it out and mail it now!*

Introductory offer brings the new *Roget Dictionary* for five days' trial. Latest, most complete, and authoritative book of synonyms and antonyms. Replaces old-style thesaurus. New plan makes volume greatest aid for development of ideas and clear, forceful, exact expression.

"Roget" has been counted indispensable to every intelligent user of words, whether he be a "professional"—a writer, speaker, or scholar—or an "amateur" who, in his or her social and business contacts, realizes the favorable impression created by clearness, fluency, and exactness in the use of language.

The Roget Dictionary, without doubt, will be adopted by all cultivated persons because of its obvious merits. In addition to the man or woman in society, business or public life, workers in the following fields will receive unusual assistance with their special problems:

Publishing	Advertising
Legal	Educational
Research	Arts
Sciences	Lecturing
Clerical	Club Official
Engineering	Sales
Governmental	Stenographic
Radio	Secretarial

NOW, after three years spent in its preparation, *The Roget Dictionary* is ready!

To introduce this newest, most comprehensive, and authoritative version of the famous *"Roget,"* the special offer reproduced above is being made for a limited time. If you have not received through the mails a card bearing this offer, you are invited to tear out and mail the "card" above.

The Roget Dictionary is built on an entirely new plan for a book of synonyms and antonyms. You find a word where you would look for it in a regular dictionary—in its alphabetical position. This *self-indexing* arrangement, with cross references to all related entries, gives you instantly the synonym you want—or allows you to explore every nook and cranny of your subject.

It is impossible to describe in detail the many remarkable features of *The Roget Dictionary*. That is why you are invited to examine the volume itself. You will see how a far greater amount of information has been put in more compact, instantly available form. You will see how the original Roget plan of entering and indexing according to ideas has been modified to eliminate hundreds of time-wasting, confusing columns of reference material. You will also see how this new *"Dictionary,"* in both contents and sturdy construction, offers you a lifetime of usefulness.

Read the terms of the special introductory offer in the "card" above; then fill in and mail at once to secure *your* copy of *The Roget Dictionary* while this offer is still open. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 7410), 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Authority Behind The ROGET Dictionary

The Roget Dictionary is a presentation of the famous Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases—in a modernized, more complete, and more convenient form. The new "Dictionary" therefore has behind it the authority of the original "Roget," plus the authority of C. O. Sylvester Mawson, who in 1910 prepared the original edition of the International Thesaurus and twelve years later a more elaborate version. The authority of the "Dictionary" further rests on a quarter century spent by Dr. Mawson in the making of dictionaries, including association with Sir James Murray of the Oxford Dictionary, Benjamin E. Smith of the Century, and several years on the permanent staff of Webster's. This background plus the three years in actual construction make The Roget Dictionary the accurate, scholarly, and important work that it is.

THE ROGET DICTIONARY
of SYNONYMS and ANTONYMS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Recent
TESTIMONIALS

"This is to express afresh my appreciation of The New Republic. The current issue (September 2) is particularly good, alone worth the year's subscription."

Professor WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK,
Teachers College,
Columbia University.

"The other day I got hold of a copy of The New Republic which infuriated me, though, usually, I feel humble before it, since we in England have no journal of opinion that is half as good, and we have no critic who is a patch on Edmund Wilson."

REBECCA WEST
in the New York American.

"At the completion of my first six months as a reader of The New Republic I should like to express my immense admiration of its intelligent policy, its sound literary criticism and for its striking ability to make even the most purely national aspects of American politics interesting to a complete foreigner such as myself."

M. B. W., London, England.

"As a reader who has read something—usually almost everything—in every issue of The New Republic, from the first issue to the current one, I have an impulse to say that the paper has never been so alive, right-headed, and far-visioned as it is now."

DEWITT C. WING
Preston Hollow, N. Y.

Some Recent Users

Barnard
Vanderbilt
Marquette
Wellesley
Rutgers
Smith
Dartmouth
Miami
Transylvania
Morningside
Connecticut
Oberlin

North Carolina College for Women
University of Nevada
University of Oklahoma
University of Minnesota
University of Wisconsin
Ohio State University
University of Arizona
Iowa State University

State Teachers College: California
State Teachers College: Wisconsin
State Teachers College: Virginia

Highpoint High School, North Carolina
Sumner High School, Kansas City
James Monroe High School, New York

The Walls Widen

For many more years than The New Republic has had birthdays, September has symbolized the return of the teacher to his desk and the pupil to his classroom.

But the years which marked the youth of The New Republic saw also the growth of a new idea as to what a "classroom" ought to be. New Republic editors and contributors were notably among the people who put their shoulders against stiff classroom walls and pushed.

Those walls are more spacious today. Teachers have pretty well satisfied themselves that the process of learning is a process of individuals getting interested in something, and they are willing to provide a variety of objects and ideas to which that elusive interest can attach itself.

A great many teachers—the adjoining column suggests only a few of them—are putting The New Republic in their classrooms. For supplementary reading in English literature and composition, and in classes in politics, history, and economics it has proved a remarkably successful means of stirring up ideas and of linking the classroom with the urgent affairs of the world.

This special classroom-subscription rate puts the paper within the reach of the slenderest budget

One month (per student)	$ .25
Two months (per student)	.50
Three months (per student)	.75
Four months (per student)	1.00

In bundles of ten or more copies.
(One or more desk copies free.)

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., 409 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED